

MEM RM
Wood, E

MEM 201

Scrap Book 1942-1943

SCRAP BOOK

Earline Wood
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Graduated from ECJC 1943
Louisville High School

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Around The Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men:
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes--and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!--yet miles away.....

"Here's a telegram, sir....."

"Jim died today."

And that's what we get, and deserve in the end:
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne

"A BOY AND HIS STOMACH"

What's the matter with you?
Ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I been a pardner to you?
All my pennies don't you spend?
In gettin' nice things for you,
Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter
That you had to go and ache?

Say, what's the matter with you—
Ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted,
You was hard just like a ball.
An' you couldn't hold another bit
of puddin,
Yet las' night
You ached mos' awful, stummick;
That ain't treatin' me jes' right.

Why, I loaded you with good
things,
Yesterday I gave you more
Potatoes, squash and turkey than
You'd ever had before.
I gave you nuts and candy,
Pumpkin pie an' chocolate cake,
An' las' night when I got to bed
You had to go and ache.

THE STOMACH'S REPLY TO THE BOY

Well, boy, I am a friend of yours, and I'll do the best I can,
If you do not abuse me, to make of you a man.
You asked me what's the matter — why I had to go an' ache.
cake?

Yes, you loaded me with good things, potatoes, squash and
turkey; more
Than you had ever given me in the time befor;
Then you gave me nuts and candy, pumpkin pie and chocolate
cake
Until I had to work so hard it made my poor sides ache.
Then you failed to chew your food last night and swallowed it
most whole,
That's why they gave you castor oil, your stomach to console.
"Cou're awful sick this morning?"
Well I guess you ought to be,
Because you do not chew the things you're stuffin' into me.
You ask: "What's the matter, stummick, ain't you satisfied
at all?"
When you try to put a gollon where two pints are none too
small.
'Til I was hard just like a ball, and I just had to ache.
You say you've been a friend to me and I've not befriended you?
You've abused and overcrowded me 'til I'm sore all through and
through;
You gave me all I wanted before you gave me pie and cake!
Then yo uasked me what's the mhat's the matter that I had
to go and ache!

"FATHER WE THANK THEE"

Father in Heaven,
We thank Thee for life
And for the privilege
Of being a wife.

For children and husband,
And a place to share
The joys and sorrows,
That must enter there.

We thank Thee for flowers,
And April showers,
For the birds and bees,
That hum in the trees.

For country life so old,
Which is as pure as gold
When we pause and think,
And to it, God, link.

Father in Heaven,
We thank Thee again,
For the many blessings,
That shower us as rain.

For the beauty of living,
With people so forgiving
May we ever be faithful, Lord,
To friends, and Thee.

—Mrs. C. E. Powell,
Sunflower County.

IF YOU'LL LIVE TRUE

"Your life is leased to you only,
And in all that you say or do,
It belongs to the people who love
you—

It doesn't belong to you!

It belongs to the place where you
are living,

It belongs to your job and your
friends

To use to the finest advantage
Before the lease of it ends.

It isn't your own to be wasting,
It belongs, in the fullest amount
To the world—and don't be for-

getting
You must render a final ac-
count.

So don't treat your life lease
lightly,

Fulfill it with honor instead;
And when it runs out you'll dis-
cover

There's another far better
ahead,

If you've lived truly this one
without color."

The courage of youth, for American Truth
Cannot be denied;
For want to give, for her to live
Many men have died.

We live today, the American way
For to us there can be no other;
Than the U. S. A., as she is today
Our loving, guiding MOTHER!
—Pfc. Tom Van Hecke, Med. Dept., Ft.
Bragg, N. C.

We Help U. S. Defense

Once again we're called upon to do,
A favor for our country true.
Our fathers have fought hardships o.
various types,
To uphold the honor of the Stars and
Stripes.
We too should try the best we can,
And prove that we're true American.

Strikes and riots, won't help us any,
To defend us against our enemy.
So let's help, one and all,
And protect our country from a fall.

To the good Lord, we should pray,
That we live in the good old U. S. A.
Let's work happily and shout aloud,
To be Americans, we are proud.

By ALBERT HINES

Grandfather bought it years ago,
When he was starting out.
There were no tractors, trucks, or
cars
The day he hauled it out.

He placed it by the woodshed door,
Some sixty years ago,
And there it ground the farmstead
tools,
Come rain or sleet or snow.

Each fall it ground the axes keen,
In spring the mattock's blade.
At harvest time it lent a hand
Beneath the maple's shade. . .

How things have changed since that
warm day
Grandfather bought the stone
And hauled it in the rude oxcart
To his new cabin home!

Tall men who swung the cradle then
Are sleeping on the hill;
The voice that called them home
at noon
Forevermore is still.

New faces came upon the scene,
New feet ran out to play,
But by the woodshed door the stone
Turned on from day to day. . .

And though I used to hate the stone
(It ground so hard and slow!),
I love it now because it knew
Those folks of long ago.

TONIGHT

Tonight
I saw a star fall from the sky
Swiftly
Silently
It shivered
Through the darkness
And brightly carved on high
A splendid scar.
Against the sky
Smoothly,
Surreptitiously
It slipped
From its proper niche
To fall
To this
Magnetic
Earth—
And die—
I've seen
Ambitious things before
Fall from a sky.

U. S. A.

Under the flag of Liberty
Safe is the land of the free
America, the land of Democracy.

Uppish and mighty are we
Sworn to remain in unity
America, the land of Democracy.

United in justice are we
Salute us; for ever we will be
America, the land of Democracy.

Join the Army

If you want to be a man
And do all you can for your country
Join the Army!

If you are the dumbest guy that's free
They'll make you the man you'd like to be
If you join the Army!

They'll make a gentleman of you
In all the things that are good and true
If you join the Army!

If you are looking for a wife
To be the joy of your life
Join the Army!

When the uniform the girls can see
They'll say, "That's the guy for me,"
So join the Army!
—Leah Manuel, 905 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.
—Courtesy Sgt. Jack C. Schmus, 1202nd
Service Unit, A.R.S. Elmira, N. Y.

An Older Mother Speaks

They come to me with questions in their eyes,
These mothers of small daughters and small sons,
They tell me of their longing to be wise
In rearing their own precious little ones.
And I who have lived longer, far, than they,
Who understand their seeking hearts so well,
Look backward through the long years that I may
Find something wise and beautiful to tell.

And always there is God. I speak of Him.
Without His help no mother's heart could bear
The anxious hours, the swift bright days abrim
With grave responsibility and care.
And if I had no other word to give,
After the winding roadways I have trod,
This would be my message: While you live,
O dear young mothers, give your children God.

MY ROBIN

My Robin went away last Fall,
And never said goodbye,
I've thought and thought and thought again,
And often wondered why.

They say it's instinct makes them go,
So I looked up that word,
And sure enough the dictionary says
That impulse guides the bird.

Now Winter's come and Winter's gone,
And here again it's Spring,
I think I've waited long enough
To hear my Robin sing.

But what is that I heard just now
Amid the din and throng
'Twas my own Robin back again,
Singing his first, sweet song.

Billy Johnston

The Quartermaster Corps

You add one million
And you add a million more,
But what's one million
To the Quartermaster Corps.

You work that typewriter,
And you type like hell,
And you don't stop typin'
'Til you hear that bell.

Then you figure out this,
And you figure out that,
From GI cans,
To the barracks cat!

It's 600 mops
And handles for them too,
With couple dozen brushes,
And a pot or two of glue.

Rations go here
And rations go there,
Rations—Rations
I'll tear out my hair.

They gypped on the ice,
They gypped on the hay,
But I'll get even,
With that outfit—some day.

You add one million
And you add a million more,
But what's one million
To the Quartermaster Corps!

LILACS

By BERTA CLEVELAND JONES

Lilacs are always memory flowers.
They grow beside old country places,
Closed doors and windows blank of faces;
They guard old secrets, hushed and grave,
Through early summer's singing hours—
Heavy with fragrance of the brave.

IN MEMORY OF MY BABY NIECE

Out in Shiloh cemetery,
Just behind the little white
church-house

Our darling baby lies
As still as a mouse.

She was called from this sinful
world

For a peaceful home there above.
She leaves us all to grieve,
She carried with her all our love.

We all miss you, darling baby
How we miss you none can tell,
But we are glad to know
Your soul cannot be doomed to
Hell.

We hope to meet you some sweet
day,
That day can't be far away, I
know

But we miss you, Patsy
At home and every where we go.

Sleep, little Angel of our dreams,
Rest in peace with our abounding
love,

For we will meet you soon
At God's right hand up there
above.

Duff For the Rookie

THERE always was plenty
Of dough puncher's punk
And sinkers and hardtacks
A rookie could dunk;

Of them he was weary—
He wanted more duff
Along with his black-strap!
He'd had quite enough

Of gold fish and slum
And sow belly, and jacks
Slapped high on his plate
In dependable stacks.

He wanted more duff!
And he could do with less
Of much that was offered
In mess after mess.

But b-acheing seemed
Such an infantile trick;
And, though he was goaty,
He would not bootlick.

He wasn't a mitt flopper;
Hadn't cold feet;
He thought coffee coolers
Had no right to eat.

He listened to Sawbone
And Holy Joe crawl
And jump—and remembered
The truth of it all.

He wanted no bob tail,
Was willing to bone,
And though duff was lacking,
No cit heard him moan.

Only his bunkie, who watched,
Deep in thought,
Was sweating a crack-up:
French leave, like as not!

Around Toothpick Village
And down Soap Suds row,
The rookie walked briskly—
With no place to go.

And then he went strolling
Past Officer's Line;
He thought any house looked
Especially fine.

C. O. and O. D.
And O. G. and O. M.!
Some day he'd be winning
Good fogies with them!
He'd board a peashooter,
And, buzzing a town,
Shout "How!" to the Bow-leg
Before he came down.

He'd never be busted,
Nor rate an I. C.
No dog tag of his
On the carpet would be!
Instead of jaw boning
Like shave-tails, he'd wait
Until the next scandal sheet
Slid up to date.

He'd eat Stars and Stripes,
While the slum burner said
That any old issue
Would count him well-fed.

Saluting a hobo
And razing a beans,
He hiked to his tent,
Where he learned what it means

To be a brave hero:
A box straight from home
Was waiting, well filled
With divinity foam

And chocolate fudges
And mother-made cookies
To comfort a . . . lengthening
Line of bright rookies!
—Maud Mero Doolittle, 2588 Valencia
Drive, San Bernardino, Cal.

Procrastination is the thief of
time:
Year after year it steals, till all
are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment
leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal
scene. —Young.

THE STORMS

By Alba King-Hudson

It was a dark and stormy night;
The rain in torrents beat;
The lightning's flash and silvery
light
Made very swift retreat.

The thunders roared not far
away—
The waves dashed high at sea;
Among the trees, the wind held
sway;
And moaned in misery.

The shutters creaked; the old
house shook;
It seemed 'twould surely fall.
From off the shelf I took a book,
The One Book of them all.

A storm was raging in my soul—
A storm of doubt and fear;
Was I prepared to reach The
Goal?
Could I my own boat steer?

I opened wide the Dear Old Book,
And read with joyous peace—
And when at last I raised to look,
Two fearful storms had ceased.

HOLY THURSDAY

He knelt alone with folded hands
In dim Gethsemane—
He knelt beneath the shadow of
A spreading olive tree;
And night-swept flowers hung their
heads,
And night birds stilled their cry
As, through the silence and the dusk,
The centuries swept by.

His yesterdays were crowded with
Cruel treachery and sadness—
The morrow would hold racking pain
And storm clouds and mob
madness.
And yet He knelt beneath a tree,
Calm to the very last—
And murmured, "God—Thy will, not
mine!"
While time and space rushed
past. . . .

In Retreat

The rain seeps down beneath my pack
And soaks the shirt upon my back.
The rifle sling my shoulder sears;
My brain is black with hidden fears.
The star shells burst to show our place;
Their ghastly light reveals each face.
The high explosive falling near
Brings sounds of thunder to my ear.

Oh, God, if all of us must die,
I've only this request, that I,
And all my comrades marching here,
May have a final chance to clear
The stigma from our brains and names
By pushing onward to the flames.
If we must die, then let it be
With face toward the foe, for me.
—Leonard C. Carstens, Ft. Worden, Wash.

Field Artillery Man!

I've soldiered around,
And I've seen many things.
But there's one service
For which my heart sings.

Let me lay a piece
In the shimmering heat,
Or lay a line
In a blinding sleet.

You know what I like,
And you know what I am,
Red is my color,
I'm a Field Artillery Man!

"Little bankroll, ere we part,
Let me hug you to my heart;
All the year I've clung to you
I've been faithful, you've been true.
Little bankroll, in a day
You and I will start away;
To a gay and festive spot.
I'll come home—but you will not."

Army-Fever

(With apologies to John Masfield)
I must enlist in the Army again,
The life that I love best;
And all I need is a suitcase,
A train will do the rest;
And when I get there and swear in,
All the boys will say,
"He said that he'd never come back,
But now he's here to stay."

I must enlist in the Army again,
For the call of many good friends;
Who stay in the service for thirty years,
Their call is quite intense;
And all I want is a pair of shoes,
The size about twelve and a quarter,
Some G.I. clothes, a nice soft bunk,
And I'll never roam any farther.

I must enlist in the Army again,
To the good old soldier life;
The only place where with 21 a month,
Some fellows support a wife;
And all I ask is some recruit,
To bring mem'ries back to me;
And a darn bugler to wake me up,
Next morning at reveille.

To a P. O. Box

Of course I came! Why shouldn't I?
Don't frown at me!
I came yesterday and today;
I will come tomorrow and the next day,
And the day after that;
Nothing short of a broken leg
Shall keep me from coming,
Because you hold my happiness
In your long, brown palm,
All my little heartaches,
My rejection slips,
The long green checks that I convert
Into silk stockings and tooth-paste.
The snow is never too deep—
The sun too hot
To keep me away;
This morning, even the telegraph wires
Overhead were singing,
Because they knew that you hold
My happiness all wrapped up in a neat,
White package and stamped
"Territory of Hawaii."
Well, here I am! Shake!
What . . . No happiness for me today?
Shucks! 'Bye!
See you tomorrow.
—Ruth Colton Emery, Penfield, N. Y.

CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSS

"Forgive, they know not what they do."
Came from the Son of God.
He paid the price there on the tree,
And with Him we must trod.

He said: "Thief, thou shalt be to-day
With me in Paradise."
For all the sin of the wide world,
Jesus paid the price.

To a loving Mother: "Behold thy son."
Came from His lips.
Suffering excruciating pain, the dregs
Of sin He sips.

Loud the cry: "My God, why hast thou
Forsaken me" upon the tree!
Appaling darkness hovered there,
As dark, as dark could be.

The Syrian sun refuse to shine
The God forsaken earth:
In awful agony there he hung,
Crying aloud: "I thirst."

With all the pain of carnal man
He bowed His Holy head
And calmly said: "It's finished."
The Son of God was dead!

—E. P. CRADDOCK.

MISSISSIPPI

"O, Paradise!" the traveler cried,
"Here let me build my home;
Here let me live and die content,
And never, never, roam.
But tell me, pray what name it bears,
This garden rich and great?"
"This," gently sighed the verdant pines,
"Is Mississippi State!"

HE LIVES

I have made a carved altar of my heart.
I have hung the pictured Christ above it there,
And in that quietness, alone, apart,
I kneel in prayer.
Sometimes His white compassion is a flame
That burns about me like a living fire;
Often His quiet voice speaks out my name,
And my desire
Is granted me . . . But Oh, last Friday night
I saw them raise my Christ upon a cross!
He hung there stark against the sunset light,
And my great loss
Fell on my heart and weighted it like stone,
And then today, as dawnlight swept the land
There in a garden's shadows all alone
I saw Him stand!
The weight upon my heart was rolled aside.
The candle flame leapt up that had grown dim—
"He is living! Living!" joyfully I cried,
And ran to Him.

The Flag We Love

All across our mighty nation,
Greeted by a great ovation;
Hearts are filled with exultation,
When we behold Our Country's Flag!

Like an eagle proudly flying,
All our hopes in thee relying;
Never are our souls denying,
Love for Thee, Our Wondrous Flag!

Symbol of our mighty nation,
Always be our inspiration
Through each trying situation
Long may Old Glory Wave!
—Pvt. Ralph O'Barrett, Btry. "G,"
61st C.A., Fort Sheridan, Ill

A Doughboy's Pledge

A pledge to Uncle Sam, you doughboys,
For him we will do our best,
Should one fall 'ere the morrow
Was writ to only be one less.

Let us shed a tear for loved ones
Safe at home in Heaven's Lines,
Let's hope they never know our glory
Nor the shallow victories we find.

Let's hope the guy that got our jobs
Also gets a raise in pay;
To the men our sweethearts marry
Give our best blessings while we may.

Let the victor on the morrow
Take with him the bloody spoils;
So long pals, another later,
Now we have to sweat and toil.

—Corporal Samuel R. Hall,
15th Infantry, Fort Lew

ODE TO A G.I. HAIRCUT

You sit in the chair and
Hold your breath,
Your face is pale and
Cold as death.
The scissors fly and
So does your hair,
Your neck gets red and
Your skull gets bare.
You feel a breeze and
Cough and sneeze,
You're still alive boy . . . but,
Your friends will know
Wherever you go
Your hair is G.I. cut!

DON'T look now, but it's spring, tra la,
And winter's trappings—like that!—go blah
Oh, spring is here, with its rising sap,
When a rapt expression engulfs my map
And my eyeballs roll and I go around
On my very own brand of mayhem bound,
With a sticky paintbrush behind each ear
And a sudden Elsie de Wolfe-ish leer
And a hamstrung conscience that bodes no good
To the best burl walnut and satinwood.

It's spring—and home is a pit of gloom,
A dingy prison, a dismal tomb;
So I paint the dining room shocking pink,
Dab passion flowers around the sink,
Stipple the hall a modest red
And dot mauve stars on the guest-room bed;
And the foyer's presently pure Van Gogh,
While the study's a dream in pistachio.

I paint the tables, I paint the chairs;
I stripe the ceilings and scallop the stairs;
I tint the weather vane crimson madder
And they come and get me
with the hook and ladder.
The pantry's purple, and rather mad;
The steps are sort of a spotted plaid;
The bath is full of surrealist nudes
Trolling for eels in fuchsia snoods.
I spatter my hair, the rugs, the walls,
But still, inexorably, Art calls.

Don't look now, but it's spring, to-woo,
I know it's here by the gentian blue,
The primrose yellow, the willow green
Of the paint I sling in my spring routine,
And the scented air that is rare as wine
With the heady bouquet of turpentine.
Though winter may find no creature duller,
Comes spring—and I'm carnage in technicolor

ODE TO A SUNDAY K.P.

There you sit beside a tent,
And all the joy in life is spent
How can you go on a payday spree
While doing a Holiday K.P.

In one hand you grasp a pasty potato,
The other entwines a timely tomato.
Peel 'em thin and control your thoughts
For when you're thru, next comes the pots.

Nice big pans all thick with gooey
So rub and scrub—goldarn it—phooey!
Rice pudding,—fish,—Macaroni,—stew,
Everything sticks like G.I. glue!

Oh why did you let that rusty gun
Get that way and spoil your fun?
The sun goes down,—you can hardly see,
Will it never end,—this darn K.P.

From Western Coast to Eastern Seaboard
Rages the battle of the keyboard,
For storming the pianoforte
Is famous as an Indoor Sport.
Surrounded by a hundred men,
Like Daniel in the Lions' Den,
The VIRTUOSO takes his seat,
Preparing to resist defeat.
A few stray shots, with unconcern
He ducks, and coolly waits his turn,
It comes, and shooting flats and sharps
He knocks them for a row of harps.
Courageous as a stag at bay,
He's up, he's down, he's got away—
The fighting stops, the music ends;
They usually part as friends.

THAT HAT

by Ogden Nash

A girl, oh a girl is a wonderful thing,
And so I am happy to say is spring,
And a girl in spring is the absolute
works
But for one conspicuous item that irks:
That hat.

A girl in spring is a skylark's hymn,
An evensong in a cloister dim,
A moon in June and a dove in love,
But why the discordant detail above:
That hat?

The crocuses put their best feet fore-
most
The softest, tenderest raindrops pour
most,
Nature walks forth in a robe of dawn,
And you, my love, what do you put on?
That hat.

MARCH

An angry wind flung wide my gate
And hurried down my path,
Whipping a rose so cruelly
And scattering leaves in wrath.
Then through the borders he roughly tore
Down to the violet bed,
Where he gently moved a coverlet
And lifted a drooping head.

Martha Lindley Hall

The Old Army Was Never Like This

By CORPORAL ROBERT V. LUCAS

NOTE: Corporal Lucas was on duty at a Fort in Virginia. The Army wanted him on the West Coast in a hurry. It sent him across via Commercial Airlines. This was just too much luxury for a Corporal used to the hard knocks of 60 pound packs, pup tents, and dusty roads. And then, of course, there was Alice, the Airlines' hostess, very petite, very vivacious; all of which, of course, brought forth poetry. Here 'tis:—

I'M sure there's been a big mistake
A trick with mirrors—just a fake.
For surely this cannot be me
Supinely set in luxury!
The Army never works this way
It's just a dream that's gone with day.

My life is one of work and run—
Shine my shoes and clean my gun.
When Morpheus joins my meager lot
He finds me in an Army cot.
And when the streaks of morning come
I eat from cold aluminum!

There is no one to seek my needs—
When I am hungry—no one feeds.
And when from weary work I tread
To seek the comfort of my bed
No dainty hand puts out the light—
No gentle voice croons, "Nighty night."

And when I travel to and fro
It's in the Army truck I go.
I see the country just by luck
But from behind a G. I. truck.
My bones get shattered bump by bump
While I get madder thump by thump.

BUT here I sit—I'm quite at ease
I watch the scenery as I please.
I'm ridin' high—by double A—
The flagship too, I'm here to say!
The ride is smooth, the seat is soft;
It's warm and cozy here aloft.

When I am hungry there is food
And served in quite the gayest mood.
The Hostess brings a heaping tray—
A tempting vitamin array.
And any little thing you'd like
She'll do—except to take a hike.

And what a pleasant sight is she—
As lovely as you'd want to see.
And she's the reason that I think
I'm seein' things from too much drink
Cause Army life is not like this—
The Army doesn't know of bliss.

So even if it is a dream
And I have wandered "off the beam"
I'll tuck a robe across my lap—
Have Alice give the light a snap
And maybe she'll complete my flight
By softly crooning, "Nighty night!"
P. S. (She did!)

Last summer a turban of towel you
wore —
Your winter creation I chose to ignore;
Your taste, methought, simply hiber-
nated;
But what did I get when for spring I
waited?
That hat.

A girl, oh a girl is a wonderful thing,
And so I am happy to say is spring,
And you are what I adore the sight of;
But must I always adore you in spite
of —
That hat?

Purple the lilac and green the oaks,
Is this the time for a milliner's hoax?
Fun is fun and humor is humor
But consider the ultimate consumer —
Take off that hat!

JULY AFTERNOON

The shadows slide across the velvet grass
In patterns frail and gossamer as lace—
The drowsy leaves nod as the breezes pass,
The larkspur is half elfin in its grace.
A bird drifts silently against the sky
To meet a cloud as soft and white as fleece;
Late sunlight warms a vivid butterfly—
Here, in my garden, there is joy and peace.

But sitting quietly among the roses,
I watch a beetle make its stealthy way
Deep to a blossom's heart, where life reposes,
And start to eat that lovely life away.
"Ah, so is hate," I muse, "that lives on life—
God pity every nation close to strife!"

LOVE, YOUTH AND SPRING

By Jesse Stuart

We shall remember, Love, this night, this moon
Splintering with golden spears the cool green cloud
Of living liquid green; for soon, too soon,
We shall not walk by twos among the proud.
Tonight, we are the proud; we are the young
And youth is here; we taste of life, devour;
Our faith is mountains but we're glib of tongue,
For season is full soon for springtime flower.
Tomorrow's night might be too desolate;
No leafy corridors, no Maytime bliss,
No hollyhocks moon-silvered at the gate;
Tomorrow's night surely can't equal this.

We shall walk on reluctant to the dawn
With winey wind to breathe where cicadas sing
Where nightjars in white moonlight float upon
Green quivering mansions of eternal spring.

Battle Song: Antitank

You want a man who marches straight
And true as an arrow's flight,
Who'll sweat all day to do a job
Who's willing to fight at night
Who'll take the toughest jobs they make
And do it, and do it right—
Try Anti-tank!

You want a guy who won't complain,
They don't make 'em anymore
But we have men who thrive on rain
And know what fists are for,
We have men who'll walk through pain
And shout with a lusty roar—
"Try Anti-tank."

You want a guy who shows respect
As the Flag goes waving by,
Yet laughs at blisters on his dogs
When his mouth is hot and dry—
You want a guy who forgets himself,
And thinks of you and I—
Co., 111th Inf., Indiantown Gap, Pa.

Remember Now

Remember now how dark it was that
night
When you sat in your chair, and I in
mine,
And you said, "How are you?"—and I
said, "Fine."
And then we spoke about the speed
of light,
And how New York would profit by
the Fair?

THE FARMER
FEEDS THEM ALL

A recent issue of the Booneville Banner carried the following tribute to the farmer.

The politician talks and talks,
The actor plays his part;
The soldier glitters on parade,
The goldsmith plies his art.
The scientist pursues his germ
O'er the terrestrial ball,
The sailor navigates his ships,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk.
The broker reads the tape,
The tailor cuts and sews cloth
To fit the human shape.
The dame of fashion dressed in silk
Goes forth to dine or call.
Or drive, or dance, or promenade;
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman wields his shining tools
The merchant shows his wares;
The aeronaut above the clouds
A dizzy journey dares.
But art and science soon would fade.
And commerce dead would fall,
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,
For the farmer feeds them all.

Post Cards

Of all the things that bother me,
(And there is quite a stack)
The worst is picture post cards
With nick-names on the back.

Some one sends a post card
From a well known summer spot,
Scribbles hackneyed greetings
And then calmly signs it "Dot."

You've not the slightest clue at all,
It's up to you to "guess"
You might have gone to school with her
Ten years ago, or less.

You might have met her at the Bar
Of Nicky's "on the strand"
Or swimming at Old Orchard Beach
Or singing with a band.

With puzzled frown your mind runs back,
To all the "Dots" you knew,
But darned if you can figure out
Who sent the card to you.

Your sunny day has clouded up
For every now and then
You find your mind has wandered
To that post card once again.

But here is where the "rub" comes in,
They think you'll know who sent it.
And if you don't acknowledge it
These people will resent it.

If people signed their Christian names
Instead of "Jack" or "Bee"
I'd get some real enjoyment
From the post cards sent to me.
—Pvt. John T. Carroll, 211th C.A. (AA)
Camp Hulén, Texas.

"CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE,
BABY"

I can't give you anything but love, Baby,
On twenty-one a month there's not much
left, Baby;
A cigarette, a glass of beer, that's just my
speed,
In the park, in the dark, millionaires got
nothin' on me,
I can promise, like the other guys, Baby,
But what's the good of promises and lies,
Baby?
Cookie, I'm a Rookie, who's a prize Baby,
I can't give you anything but love.

"LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"

The last time I saw Doris, she promised to
be true,
She said Enlist and I'll resist, I'm strictly
just for you;

AMERICA'S SOLDIERS

Because of our soldiers America is the land of lands,
No country so coveted on earth,
We have Liberty, Justice and Freedom,
We live in Peace and know its worth.

Because of our soldiers America will never
Give way to dictators, shame and disgrace,
America, the blessed land of privileges
Will never bow and hide her face.

Mary Mabel McClallen

Our Army Boys

They're the flower of creation,
Our brave Army Boys,
The pride of our Nation,
They're guarding our joys,
They're guarding our homes,
And our liberty too;
So brave Army Boys
It is "Hats off to you!"

Weep, my children,
Weep and cry.
Your silly father's
Gone out to die.
The guns will rattle
The bullets fly,
And bloody corpses
Like cherry pie
Run red and sticky
Where they lie.

So we bid them "God Speed,"
And we smile as they leave;
But when they are gone,
Every Mother will grieve;
Every Father will carry,
A heart that is sore;
Every Sweetheart will mourn
When she sees you no more.

But life is a battle;
And we must be brave,
Since they are going,
Our country to save.
And if, by good fortune,
These wars could dispel,
How happy we'll be,
No language can tell.

So here's to our Army,
Our flag, and our land;
Our homes shall be safe,
While united we stand.
And here's to our soldiers,
So loyal and true;
Brave boys of our Army,
It's "Hats off" to you.

GERMAN PASTRY

A Flower

the mud was thick
with slimy rot
but over there
a flower grew—

sharp barbed wire
made it a crown—
the sun smiled down
upon my flower—

through blasting shocks
my flower lived
on battlefield—
its curse was life

and valiantly
my flower thrived—
unharm'd by man—
and made by God—

To Those Who Wait

To you, the girls who wait at home,
I write this little verse,
While your soldier sweethearts roam
Contentment is a curse.

You know not whether they'll return,
And yet you always wait,
Even death, you cannot spurn,
Living just to wait.

You're living just a memory,
Of things that were before,
You say, "He will come back to me,
He always has before."

The Gods of Fate look down and laugh,
And call you fool and such
The life you live, you live by half
And yet it seems so much.

And so you'll go on waiting there
Regardless of the price
The Gods of Fate are never fair
They play with loaded dice

You haven't got a chance to win
You know it, I do too
But waiting never was a sin,
You see, I do it too.
—Sgt. James F. Brown, Co. "C"
Ketchikan, Alaska

EARTH LOVER

By MYRTLE MARMADUKE

THERE'S never a spring moon hung in the sky
And never a lilac blowing,
But I think of the day that I must die;
I know I must leave here by and by,
And I have no will for the going.

Earth is a strife the coward flees,
And heaven's a quiet place;
But I have a love for things like these:
A sudden wind in the waiting trees,
And a wet leaf blown in my face.

O God, let heaven be not too still;
My heart is so full of mirth!
Let my friends be gay and my birds sing shrill—
Or make me young again, if You will,
For one more life on earth.

I KNOW A NAME!

"I know a soul that is steeped in sin,
That no man's art can cure;
But I know a Name, a precious Name,
That can make that soul all pure.

I know a life that is lost to God,
Bound down by things of earth;
But I know a Name, a precious Name,
That can bring that soul new birth.

I know of lands that are sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
But I know a Name, a precious Name,
That can set those lands on fire.

I know a Name, a precious Name,
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,
I know a Name, a precious Name,
That will set those lands on fire."

HELL "HEILS" HITLER

The following poem was sent to us by Edgar Lampley, Jr., who is stationed in San Diego, California, with the request that we reproduce it:

A MESSAGE FROM HELL

Hitler's at the telephone and he's talking very nice;
He's trying to get the devil 'cause he wants some advice.
"Hello, central, gimme hell;
I've gotta talk to the devil about this European spell.
Hello, old boy, I've got some news
I've thrashed out all the Poles and all the darn Jews;
I'm causing all kinds of trouble, but to me it's mirth,
I'm running a modern hell right here on earth.
If you don't believe it just come up and see,
I'm father of land and king of the sea.
I'm fighting like hell and I'm

Dreams of a Soldier

I've traveled this wide world over,
And there was no work to be found.

So then I joined the Army,
Where a man can settle down.

A lowly private, I found my lot,
Here are some dream ideas I got.

If ever I get to be Private First Class,
I'll tell all the Privates I'll take no sass.

And if to a corporality my life should lead,
I'll tell the First Class no advice I'll need.

And if a Sergeant's Stripes I should attain,
I'll hold all Corporals in lordly disdain.

And if to a Staff, I should rise,
I'd hold me high in others' eyes.

A Tech Sergeant's job is really sweet,
I'd knock all others off their feet.

And if a Top Kick I should rate,
I'd give all Bucks the open gate.

Next a Master Sergeantcy,
Then the ranks would envy me.

It's a Warrant Officer's rank I'm wanting,
Then to retire with flags and bunting.

And then I'll lay away my tools of trade,
And prepare myself for that final parade.

And when they are passing in review,
I'll say to myself and then to them too.

Boys, my Army career is through,
But you have yours ahead of you.
—Sgt. Clarence H. Gann, Co. "D," 35th
Inf., Camp Beauregard.

I'll Be Content

It may be in some shambling shack
Down by some dusty way
From which the world has turned its back
Where I shall go to stay;
Or it may be some waterfront
Where ships slip off to sea
And highways weave out thru the land
But never carry me,
Just so I feel it's Heaven sent
I'll be content.

It may be to some battle land
That I shall bravely go
And sternly face the last command
And feel the brilliant flow;
Or it may be an humble spot
Beside some lonely stream
Where mine shall be the common lot
Of those who drudge and dream
Just so I feel it's Heaven sent
I'll be content.

It may be on some lofty seat
Of strange serenity;
It may be there I shall compete
With men of destiny;
Or it may be some heated place
Amid the dizzy whirl
That I shall find my part to face
The madness of the world,
Just so I feel it's Heaven sent
I'll be content.

—Pvt. Henry Wooten, Battery H,
206th C.A. (A.A.), Fort Bliss

I KNOW A NAME

I know a soul that is steeped in sin,
That no man's art can cure;
But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
That can make that soul pure.

I know a life that is lost to God,
Bound down by things of earth;
But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
That can bring that soul new birth.

—SELECT

The simple ways are best;
That heart is happiest,
That spirit is thrice blest
That seeks no wide renown.
Better the quiet ways,
Devoid of fame or praise,
Where gladly run the days
Far from the noisy town.

For there the Word is bright
At dawn or candlelight,
Or in the hush of night,
Or with the Sabbath calm.
The healing Gospel grows,
As every seeker knows,
Within the crimson rose,
And spreads its soothing balm.

In every roadside flower
It speaks with trembling po
In every silent hour
The Message whispers pl
The voice of God is heard
In every singing bird,
And when you speak His W
It comes to earth again.

I SING FOR THESE

Let others sing for the great hero,
Who proudly scales the heights of fame.
I sing for the ones that few men know,
For the ones unknown to wild acclaim.

I gladly sing for the fainting toiler
Whose back is breaking beneath his load.
He is enslaved by his despoiler
Who makes his path a lonely road.

I sing for the one that grieves alone;
So long forgotten and sick at heart.
Who is too callous to even moan
Or feel the sting of a fiery dart.

I sing for one who died on a cross,
Who died to take our burdens away.
His love atones for all our loss
And turns black night to fairest day.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Tonight, and there may never come
another night
When I can hold you in my arms, dear,
Give me your smiles and kisses
Put from your heart torturing fear.

Quiet, and then the big guns roar
And send flaming torches through the sky—
We've only a few hours yet together
Please don't cry when we say goodbye.

Joy, and then it's snatched away,
But faith and courage you gave me, dear,
And no matter what my duty night or day,
I'll feel your love and presence near.

HEADSTONE

Quiet has come upon this hill,
Here is no sound:
The copper snake is still
Within the ground.
No bird stirs

Within the leafless wood.
This silent hill is hers
And it is good.

SWEET REVENGE

I would I were the rouge upon
your cheeks;
Then life would be one long,
delightful frolic.
When touched by lips of bold,
bad rival geeks,
I'd give each one the painter's
colic.

MILITARY RESERVATION

A hundred and fifty years ago
'Twas howling wilderness here;
Stalking Injun, very hungry,
Went forth to hunt a deer.

But this is nineteen forty-one,
This Army post is of modern phase
A stalking deer, with eyes aglow
Goes forth to hunt a man.

The Simple Ways

The Fawn

RAYMOND HOLDEN

Lithograph by Conrad Buft

LIFT up your head. Stop blood and breath
Stare, shy one, from the familiar shade
Of forest, beyond which lies death,
And the live fury men have made.

Look how the grass moves, where it should
Be still this windless morning. Look!
Something is crouching there where stood
A bronze-leaved alder and a brook.

O wary one, why not go flying
Before you know? Why do you pause,
One foot lifted and one foot trying
The twig-strewn turf of leaves and straws?

It is I that bar your wide-eyed way.
I stalk the secret heart you bear.
Your nostrils know me, yet you stay,
Tasting the cold, man-scented air.

Will you, if I am still and calm,
Come closer, suffer me to rise
And, holding up a weaponless palm,
Show you the fawn within my eyes?

THE GIFT

By Edith C. Judd

Have you ever dreamed a poem
While you're making lemon pies,
Or seen a meal's potatoes
Stare at you with small brown eyes,
Or, perhaps, a fresh white cabbage
Waits for you to shave its head,
Or you know you should be weeding
Out the garden flower bed?



Still the urge to write is on you,
Though your hands are never free
And there's dust upon the stairway,
Or it's time to brew the tea;
Then the children's gleeful voices
Break into your thoughts and yet
There's that urgent, potent whisper
That you never can forget.



So, somehow, the pies get finished
And the family says they're good;
The potatoes lose their jackets
And the cabbage makes fine food;
All the children have attention
And the tea is in the pot,
But that poem does get written
And is printed—or is not!

To My Son

I know a soldier who is
Brave and true,
He's honest, he's noble, he's kind
Through and through.
He's always been a soldier,
Though his serving years are two,
He's proud of his khaki uniform
From his cap, right down to his shoe.
I am proud of him
And all he's done
For all he is
And the stripes he's won.

He's wholesome and loyal
He's a lad really white
His name is Sam Casey
And if he has to, he can fight.

And just like him
There is many other
Serving God and one another.

He feels each serving man, his brother,
This I know,
Because, I am his Mother.
—Mrs. W. W. Baker, 902 Kipp St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Camp Bowie, Texas.

Editor, OUR ARMY:

In your latest issue of OUR ARMY, I was very much disappointed not to find any mention of my own Home Town Camp, Camp Bowie, which in my opinion, is the very best Camp in "Dear Old Texas!"

May I tell you a few things in regard to our Camp? It is situated about three miles from the town of Brownwood, Texas. It is considered the largest one in size in the State of Texas.

Of course, Camp Bowie is noted for its "36th Division." There is also located in our town the "8th Army," which consists of around two hundred Soldiers. There have been rumors that our "beloved 36th" would be moved to some other destination. Though we hate to see them move, we know that they will make whatever camp they should be transferred to, the very best Soldiers they could have. What more could we wish for?

In your next issue of OUR ARMY won't you please mention something regarding our own Camp Bowie? It makes us in our community feel very downcast to be "left out."

May I add this little poem in conclusion of my letter?

To all of you who read this,
Do you love our Soldiers, too?
Do you ever try to encourage them,
To keep them from feeling blue?

Why not drop them a letter,
A penny post card will do;
It will make them feel much better,
If you'll add a gift or two.

After all they are many miles from home,
Broke, homesick, and blue;
They will appreciate it for days to come,
So write them now, "Won't you?"

—Just one of your readers,
Mrs. M. S. Davis, c/o Green Top Cottages

PRAYER . . . In a June Garden

Let me take into Heaven, God,
The vision of a path that lies
Between warm reaches of green sod—
A spot where golden butterflies
Drift drowsily the whole day through,
Where flowers listen to the breeze;
Where every dream seems fresh and new
Beneath the shade of friendly trees.

Let me take into Heaven's grace
The picture of a rustic gate
That guards the entrance to a place
Where there is neither fear nor hate.
When shadows gather and Your voice
Has whispered that the race is won,
God, let me keep this memory—
My garden gleaming in the sun!

"MADAME LA ZONGA"

Six lessons from Captain La Zonga
Your plane goes haywire and it flies a-la-
Conga;
Six lessons, and you'll be astounded,
They let you fly solo—so low you'll be
grounded;
You dip, zoom and dive for that old Figure
Eight,
The captain should really instruct you to
skate.
Six lessons from Captain La Zonga
And you'll discover it's easy for you,
For your flying suit is a cute parachute,
The captain's lessons are what NOT to do!

MIRACLE

It snowed again today! The gentle flakes
Swept in swift eddies to the ground below.
A happy bird exploded into song,
And spread his liquid lyric on a world
That listened, breathless, at its loveliness.
The soft wind, wafting the smell of pungent earth
Awakens leaf and bud. The sky,
A matchless blue, bends softly over all,
Offering one lone white cloud to dry
The tears of sullen April. Just the same,
It snowed again today!
But only underneath the apple trees.

by Carol Aiken '41

DOG HOUSE DITTIES by Uncle Walter



Said Private Peck to Sergeant Grey:

"You give us orders. We obey.

But here's one time when I'll tell you
Of something you have got to do!

"Your pipe is stinko, so we hope

You'll junk that stuff that smells like rope

And switch to this Sir Walter blend.

I have some here I'll gladly lend.

"You'll like its rich and fragrant smell.

And we—your slaves—will think you're swell.

Them's orders, Sarge, so don't get sore!

We know you'll like Sir Walter more."

LET NO SHIP FALL

By Mary Barron Brubaker

I ASK of thee, O kindly night,
Now day is folded down,
Guard all the little ships in flight
Above this sleeping town.

THE cloud-blown sky is bleak and cold
As through the dark they fare,
The lonely, gallant ships that hold
Brave-hearted, everywhere.

LIGHT thou, I ask, a friendly star
For wings so frail and small,
And while the dawn is still afar
Oh, night, let no ship fall.

Eternal Life

There is no death.
The day that seems to die,
Rises anew;
The rain, lost in the soil,
Returns as dew.
Each tiny seed
Dropped from the ripened pod,
Is an unwritten creed,
The voice of God.
And I shall greet
The Resurrection morn,
A life complete;
A soul new-born.

Margaret Wheeler Ross

Between the Lines

Between the lines I read
The words that are not there,
Telling me about the things
Your pen would never dare.

You cannot hide your feelings
From this prying eye of mine;
Those ghostly words can tell me more
Than any written line.

I learn of love of duty,
Of courage—standards high,
And heat and stench and hard routine
The written words deny.

Your high-falutin' phrases
Across the page may ride,
But I can read the lines between—
Those things that you would hide.

A K. P. Dreams of Revenge

I've always been a gentle soul
And timid too I guess
But now I live for just one thing—
The Sergeant of the mess.

It's not that I dislike his looks
Or the food that he turns out
But a hidden urge inside me makes
Me want to turn about.

I'd like to say, "You go to hell."
Perhaps I will some day
When he is still a Sergeant
And I draw a Major's pay.

I'll take away those little stripes
He loves to wear so well
And make him kneel and pray for his
Deliverance in hell.

I'll make him mop each little nook
Until it's shining bright
I'll make him use more elbow grease
Where dirt is sticking tight.

I'll make him sand soap every cup
Each knife and fork and spoon
While I sit in an easy chair
And whistle out a tune.

For eighteen damn long hours a day
At least six days a week
I'll work the guy until he drops
Or dies from lack of sleep.

And when his three year hitch is up
I'll make him re-enlist
To give him three more years of hell
Upon the K. P. list.

For thirty years I'll do this thing
And then perhaps he'll wish
He'd never said an unkind word
To Private William Tish.

THE FIRST CHURCH LETTER

The apostles and elders and brethren send
greeting unto the brethren which are of the
Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia:
Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain
which went out from us have troubled you
with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye
must be circumcised, and keep the law: to
whom we gave no such commandment: It
seemed good unto us, being assembled with
one accord, to send chosen men unto you
with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men
that have hazarded their lives for the name
of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent
therefore Judas and Silas, who shall also tell
you the same things by mouth. For it seemed
good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay
upon you no greater burden than these neces-
sary things; that ye abstain from meats of-
fered to idols, and from blood, and from
things strangled, and from fornication: from
which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well.
Fare ye well.

To My Boy In Khaki

To have you leave was hard,
The hardest thing of all,
But you are no slacker
When you hear OUR country's call.

Some day in the near future this
Great conflict will end,
And the soldier's girl who loves you,
Will be waiting with a kiss.

When the boys go marching by,
In step with some national hymn,
It thrills my heart to know,
That you are one of them.

—Elsie Bowen, Bath, N. C.

Reveille

Precise, ice-clear and lovely as the morning
star,
The silver bugle notes electrify the dawn;
Exact, unerring as an arrow in its flight,
They catch me here between shoelace and
yawn.

No lark, however lyrical in spring,
Could sing such joyous song with all his
bliss,
But on the other hand, most springtime
larks
Have better sense than this.

The eastern sky will soon be flushed with
light,
The bugle shimmers in the chilly air;
Ah, who would sleep through such a morn-
ing carol;
You said it, who would dare!

—PFC Frederick Ebright,
Army Barracks, Key West, Florida

O come, Theseus of the bitter land!
The taloned hand has fallen
shredding the unguarded lilt
of voice, shutting the lungs
of the forum hall, shredding
and shutting the winged phrase;
and now the private fields of mind
are found and ploughed of thought,
seed of clenched-fist philosophy
springing in the young soil;
and now the fields are closed,
the spring shoots controlled, full
harvest handled by an alien hand;
and now the mind is self no longer.
O come, Theseus of the bitter land!
Come, scholar, fighter, remembrance
green with other sweeter lands,
shouting crowds at the rally
and crowds shouting personally;
come now in this land raked and roped
with close doctrine, enter clutching
the thread of your remembrance, deliver
these youths your heart and your seed,
until the seed bursts of hope
with the new song across fields
again won for the casual cry, the cry
soaring on restless wings into the sun.

God Bless America

*I'm glad I'm not in Europe
Which is ruled by power mad fiends,
I'm proud to be an American
Because I know just what it means.*

*In Europe where bombs are being dropped
On city, village, and farm,
And people hurry to seek cover
At the sound of an air raid alarm.*

*While we here in America
Never hear an air raid alarm,
And go about our daily work
Without fear, and harm.*

*We have a Navy strong enough
To protect our beautiful shores,
And I'm hoping for our country's sake
We'll keep out of those Foreign Wars.*

Because I have been given much,
I, too, must give:
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,
By Thy good care,
I cannot see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
My roof's safe shelter overhead,
That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so
Upon me, Lord,
A wealth I know that was not meant
For me to hoard,
I shall give love to those in need,
Shall show that love by word and deed,
Thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.
—GRACE NOLL CROWELL, *Light of the Years*, published by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission.

I CANNOT WRITE

I cannot write of beauty,
Though spring has set its mark upon the earth.
I cannot write of laughter,
Though all the April winds are filled with mirth.
I cannot write of beauty,
Though beauty has been since the world began.
I cannot write,—because
There is so little beauty left in man.

Beauty comes with springtime,
But there are men who think of waging war.
Laughter comes with April,
But Aprils have been battlefields before.
Beauty is a spirit
Made up of more than springs, or moons, or suns.
I cannot write of beauty
While there are men who talk of making guns.

THE SIGNAL

By Grace Noll Crowell

*Outside my window a tall pine
Has caught a star and held it there.
High at its tip the silver shine
Has spangled all the darkened air.
I think of Christ and how He came
Heralded by a pure white flame.*

*I think of that one molten star
That signaled men across the night—
And though the way be long and far
It's His sign still, and still His light.
I hold my breath to see it cling
To my tall tree—a high lamp lit . . .
I catch His heavenly signaling
And down Life's path I follow it.*

*What is this thing I've brought?
That makes me so adore
Things I never sought
Now ask for you some more.*

*Through the dark night I see
Your enchanting grace and smile
Plain as my hand before me
Wishing you would stay a while.*

*Now that you are far away
Each day brings me remorse
Soon I will see the day
When you are within my source.*

*My days of misery will be gone
When I will be in your arms
After darkness, comes the dawn
Then with you—no more alarms.*
—Pfc. Santis Cardamone, F.A. Det.
West Point, N. Y.

GRASS—\$5 PRIZE

Grass, grass, green grass
All along the road,
Growing wild in meadows wide,
As clear as emerald gold.

The first newcomer in the spring,
The last to leave in fall,
When every elm and oak tree,
Is stripped of its leafy shawl.

It grows among the goldenrod,
The poppies and the thistles,
The children stamp upon its blades
And use them for their whistles.

Beautiful, God-given grass,
How barren this world would be
Without your magic carpet of green,
For all mankind to see.

—LEE GERALD O'CONNELL
Dearborn, Mich.

Dedicated To My Son

*Just twenty-four years ago, my son
I sent your daddy from me.
To fight for a cause, which all men said—
Would make us free for Democracy.*

*You were only a baby—a bundle of love,
I remember you pulled his hair.
Then he kissed us goodbye, and boarded
the train,
To leave us waiting there.*

*Tho I wanted to cry, I hugged you close
And smiled as I waved your hand.
Yes,—we waited son, but he never returned,
For he died in "No Man's Land."*

*Now, they have taken you away, my son,
And when you said goodbye to me,
I heard the same cry as long ago,
"To Make Us Free For Democracy."*

*But go my son, and do your best,
For I know you'll return to me.
To take your place in a peaceful world
As a man among men of the free.*
—Mary Rose Roach

Song from the Subways

*When the trains fly parallel, they stand
still and the pillars walk in a black
blur.*

*I saw you in a black blur, Blue-eyes,
and you smiled and said the word in
a black blur*

*And of course the pillars strode too
swift and thick, and the wheels and
ties spoke raucous;*

*But it might have been "hello," white-
teethed and friendly, "hello" with a
smile and a toss of brown hair to two
more eyes in a black blur . . .*

*"Hello" to two more eyes you'd never,
never see again in stars . . . at a win-
dow . . . or under a dripping brim in
the silver blizzards of spring—*

*You'd never find out and say, "Re-
member 'hello,' white-teethed and
friendly? 'Hello' with a smile and a
toss of brown hair, and the trains fly-
ing parallel and standing still—and
the pillars walking in a black blur?"*
Eugene Rattner

*He kissed her pretty little lips,
He kissed her 'neath her hat;
He kissed her hands, her arms,
He kissed her where she sat.*

A Soldier Girl's Soldier

Company "G," 102nd Medical Regiment,
APO 27, United States Army.

Editor, OUR ARMY:—

In the December issue of OUR ARMY
Abbie Grace Lynch wrote a poem, "Soldier
Boy's Girl," in which Abbie pleaded to her
Soldiers to be true to the girls they leave
behind.

So our First Sergeant, George J. Nardone,
has written a reply to Abbie. Please print
it in OUR ARMY, the soldiers' own publica-
tion.

Very sincerely,

The Soldiers of Company "G."

First Sergeant Nardone's poem:—

My Kid Brother's Pockets

His pockets always bulge
With things from A to Z,
A pocket knife, a chain of locks
A large, old wooden key.
Two rolls of twine,
A ball and jacks,
Some dirty paper
And rusty tacks.
Two broken pencils,
Some colored string,
A box of nails,
An iron ring.
To most of us
This junk is old
But to Johnny this stuff's
Worth more than gold.

Dorothy Parker

A Soldier's Girl Friend

*Here I am in calm repose,
I can't think of suitable prose.
I see your face in every rose,
My heart and I suppose
That we are all alone again.*

*So I set me down in my camp chair,
Roll up my sleeves and tear my hair
Grab my pen and ink it well,
And write, write you a poem, and write
like h . . . !*

—Pfc. George White, Jr.,
Co. "D", 119th Med. Regt.,
Fort Dix, N. J.

Long Distance

By ALAN McDONALD

THANK YOU, operator. Hello! Hello!

—Myrtle?"
"Yes, this is Myrtle. Who's calling?"
"This is Harry, Myrtle. It's Harry!"
"Wait a minute till I turn the radio down.
I can't hear a thing."

(Long pause).
"Now—who'd you say it was?"
"It's Harry, Myrtle. Harry! Can you
hear me now?"

"Why, Harry! My goodness, where are
you?"
"At camp."

"At camp! Harry Mason, you hang up
right this minute. This must be costing
you a fortune. What ever made you do
such a thing!"

"Now Myrtle, let's not argue all the time
away. We only have three minutes. I just
wanted to ask you . . ."

"Harry, I won't talk another second un-
less you tell me how much you're paying
for this call."

"All right, all right. Not very much at
this time of night. The night rates are on,
you see."

"I know. But how much?"
"Okay, you win. Three dollars."

"Three dollars. Now I know better than
that, for Florence called Minneapolis the
other night and her bill was more than
five."

"I didn't mean three dollars for the whole
time. I meant three dollars a minute."

"That's more like it. I knew it couldn't
be three. That makes nine dollars! Now,
Harry, please promise me you'll stop the
very moment she says our time is up. Will
you?"

"Yes, yes. I promise. But, as I was say-
ing, I wanted to ask you . . . What? Why
—why—Okay, operator! Goodbye, Myrtle
goodbye . . ."

There are times when I think of a maiden's
smile,

The promise of heaven is there.
Heaven as seen in a maiden's eye,
And found on her lips so fair.

The heaven that I have cut away
From my heartstrings—left behind,
At times I wish I could have stayed,
And tears do start to blind.

But life's ahead, adventure calls
O'er land, and o'er sea,
If I should ever wounded fall,
Your mem'ry's here—with me.

Should I my way to heaven find,
To dream there in the blue,
I pray that God's Immortal mind,
Will place me—next to you.

My Dream Soldier

*As I gaze at the moon and the stars above,
I dream of the Soldier whom I will always
love.
He is one that is an American through and
through,
And he is proud of the Red, White, and
Blue.*

*His uniform is always neatly pressed from
head to toe,
And how he keeps his shoes so shined—
I'd like to know.
His buttons and medals are so shiny and
bright;
And to me he is the best looking soldier
in sight.*

*When the bugler sounds the alarms,
He is always ready to learn the use of arms.
On the parade ground he takes his place,
And his walk is fast and he goes a gal-
lant pace.*

*He takes commands with a smile for one
and all,
And at attention he stands straight and
tall.
He gives his salute with his shoulders
square,
And obeys all orders right then and there.*

*His life as a soldier is from sun up to sun
down,
He likes to talk about his folks and friends
at home.
Cigarettes to him mean enjoyment and
pleasure;
He is a friend to all and two-face never.
With all my heart, I love my soldier
sweetheart;
And pray that when He comes we'll never
have to part.*

*As yet he is just a dream—a vision in
the sky of blue,
But someday he'll come, I know—Perhaps
he is you.*

—Maxine Widner, Route No. 1,
Spokane, Washington.

Case History

SISTER was so popular,
Sister went to dances;
Fifty-seven types of lads
Varied her romances.
Sister movied, motored, swam;
Sister dined and skated.
No one got to use the phone,
Sister was so dated.

Sister gets no orchids now,
No one bothers phoning;
Sister works, and reads, and sews
Sister is atoning . . .
Sister got herself engaged—
Wears a ring that's honey;
Sister sits at home. The boy
Friend is saving money.

COUNTRY

When I grow weary of the crash
Of sounds that clamor from the throng,
I steal away to find a brook
And lean above its liquid song.

When I grow tired of the scowls
Of faces marked with city guile,
I turn to where the lilac leaves
Reflect the dawning with a smile.

When I grow faint from fetid airs,
That rise where crowds forever pass,
I stumble out to meet the fields
And revel in the fragrant grass.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

Was I the One?

Was I the child
Who in the stillness of
The night
Wept when I thought
How men had killed
The Christ?

Am I that one
Who, daily with the mob
I once condemned,
Now crucifies again
The Christ I loved?

Grace Bratlee

Travail

Till now, O God,
I could not understand
Gethsemane.
Life's cup of woe
And crown of thorns,
Had passed so far
From me,
I could but sense
Deep mystery.
Till now I could not feel
The pain of Calvary.
Thy broken body,
Bruised hands,
And blood for others spent,
Were hidden in the
Shadows of the Garden,
Where you went.
Till now the night of tears,
Seemed but Thy destiny.
If I were one of those
Who slept whilst Thou
Didst pray,
Forgive, dear God;
I had not glimpsed
Life's sacrificial way.

So Long—To A Buddy

*His eyes were firm
but straight ahead
he clasped my hand
and wished me luck*

*he seemed to see
another day
in years gone by
when he had left*

*the battle's din
lay in his ear
he seemed to smell
the acrid smoke*

*his eyes grew dimmed
with wayward tears
"well off you go—
and son—take care—"*

*I'd almost like
to go myself—
I'd rather like
to see this show"*

*I bit my lip
and placed my hand
upon his arm—
"so long"—I said*

*"so long old bud
I'll see you soon—
and thanks a lot—
for everything"*

*I stammered out
that short goodbye—
turned on my heel—
and left him there*

Equal —?

He stood there at the door
Said he was selling pencils
His coat was tattered,
And he said he was ill,
And his pencils.

THE BREATH OF PINE
I never breathe the breath of pine,
No matter where my steps may
roam,
But deep within this heart of mine
I feel a sense of home sweet
home.

The perfumed breezes of hte sea,
The cooling winds across the
sand,
Eternally awake in me
A vision of my native land.

Among the motley multitude
On alien shores, or alien tongue,
Whatever wonders I have viewed
And stood in ecstasy among,

Amid the thrill of London town,
When queenly Paris held my
heart,
Beside the Rhine and up and down
The Danube with its storied art.

Along the lanes of Palestine,
Among the islands of the main,
I never sense the breath of pine
But I am back at home again.

—David E. Guyton.

Patriots All

Bill Brady was a Catholic,
His buddy Cohen a Jew,
But they hiked and fought to-
gether

'Neath the old red, white, and
blue.

Jim Harris was a Mason,
From below the Dixie line,
His bunkie was a K. of C.,
And they got along fine.

Slim was there a soldierin',
From somewhere up in Maine,
But sometimes Slim got full of
vin,

And then, well, he raised Cain.
Shorty was a Spiritualist,
From Buffalo, New York,
And Cronin was an Orangeman,
Straight from the County Cork.

Fat believed in Christian Science,
But he was some swell cook,
And Spud was raised a minister's
son,

He surely knew his Book.
And strange as it may seem to
you,
Whether at the front or rear,
They never scrapped o'er creeds
and things,

Like people do back here.

Whenever one of us took sick,
Or met a G. I. can,
No one would say, "What is his
creed?"

But, "Can I help a man?"
The boys while in the service,
Just forgot that stuff,
And gems of Christian charity,
Were found in guys called
tough.

And now the gang's all broken up,
Some sleep beneath the sod,
But I'll gamble every one of
them,

Will look like men to God.
I would that I might live to see
The dawning of a day,
When intolerance is forgotten
In the good old U. S. A.

Submitted for Publication,
Post No. 2, The American Legion.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WE PROMISE here
every man his chance.
We promise a land
where a man can think and speak.
We promise a land
where men can meet and act.
We promise a new frontier
a new spaciousness

IN SAD MEMORY OF J. L. TANKSLEY

On April 26, 1940, two years
ago today, I sadly followed my
father to his grave.

I saw him put away,
In his cold bed of clay.
It seemed more than I could bear
To turn away, and leave him
there.

Oh! so sad to go back home,
And see his vacant chair,
And never again see him there.
Sleep Daddy, beneath the sunny
sky

Until resurrection day.
Then we will meet to never say
good bye.

Your smiling face we can't forget
Your voice we heard, we love it
yet.

Another link is broken in our be-
loved band,
A golden chain is forming in a
better land.

Why our home was broken we
will never understand.
Weep not dear old Mother for
God knew best,

For we will meet him in that
land of rest.

Written by his daughter who
dearly loved him. MAGGIE.

To the Girl I Left Behind

*I used to call her any or everything
Never really knew her name,
She was to me another girl
Whom I could always blame.*

*The day the Army took my name
And placed it with some others
I thought I had no one to lose
As did so many others.*

*The days dragged by, it made me think
I had of course intended,
I thought of Johnny, Dan and Gink
And of the girl I rendered.*

*She wasn't tall, she wasn't fat
Of pearl she did remind me,
Her hair was brown beneath her hat
Her white teeth they did lure me.*

*The eyes were just a poet's dream
Her lips were small and red,
The nose it was just right it seems
It really fit her head.*

*Although her neck was not too long
Her body nice and slender,
Her shapely legs and feet and toes
Are now to make me wonder.*

*When my year is up in the Army
I'll be quite bold and free,
To ask this girl I left behind
If she would wed, with me.*

*I watched a squirrel
In the frosting woods
Gathering acorns in his play.
So eagerly the shy mite lugged
Each precious nut away,
To store 'gainst winter's savage taunt
Flung in the faces of furry things
That frighten at cold and hunger gaunt*

*I saw a man
In the city's streets
Cast pearls before swine today,
The purse he needed for children's bread
Cruelly toss away,
To drown his conscious self in drink—
His spark of manhood fled!*

*Fare a fairer fate
Must chattering squirrel—
Wee martyr though to ice-king's toll—
Than he who, besmearing shamelessly
God's image breathed into his soul,
Shall bestial hour of blankness
Find in the flowing bowl!*

—PAUL CLENDENING in *The Christian Advocate*

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE FROM SON TO FATHER

Knowing that many of our readers
enjoy things beautiful and sentimental,
we take the liberty of quoting the fol-
lowing by W. A. Philpot, Jr., Secretary
of the Texas Banker's Association, up-
on the death of his father:

"My father's sojourn reached from
tallow-dipped candles to fluorescent
lighting, from ox carts to trans-oceanic
clippers, from daguerrotypes to tele-
vision. His 86 years were filled with
temperate things, temperate thoughts,
temperate actions. In his youth he
stored knowledge for support in old
age. In the decline of life, honor and
decency overflowed in sufficient flood
to sustain him. Of fame and prestige
and power he needed none. A quick
work picture: tranquil and serene in
mien; meditative, scholarly, philosoph-
ic in mentality, honest, sober, trust-
worthy, profoundly righteous in char-
acter.

"Life seems to balance all, as be-
tween individuals, even fathers and
sons. As a young physician he helped
administer at the ceremonies, marking
my entrance into the world; as a duti-
ful and loving son I took part in the
ceremonies which ushered him out. He
welcomed me at my birth; I said "bon
voyage" at his departure. He pointed
the way as mentor in my first, unsteady
baby toddling; I directed and support-
ed him in his last tottery, feeble steps.
He humored, cajoled, petted, spoiled
me in my babyhood; I tried to be indul-
gent, tender, patient, devoted in his
senility. He saw the spark of my in-
tellect and understanding glow and
burn into normal adulthood; I saw his
massive brain flicker and finally go
out. He saw the building-up process
of my life! I saw the tearing down of
his. He ushered me in; I accompanied
him out. Proudly he heard my first
wail; sadly I heard the rattle of his re-
stricted breath. He looked upon me
when I was black and blue and mis-
shapen from being born; I saw his frail
body, despoiled by 86 years, ready for
the tomb. He was anxious at my com-
ing; I was distressed at his going. He
carried me in his strong arms when the
road was too long and the going too
hard; I supported his enfeebled frame
on his last furlong. So, life, as far as
father and I are concerned, are pretty
well levelled up, balanced off."

Saturday Nights

Balm from the glass with the green
stars
and the peeling ceiling rolls and reels.

Smoke of the ash in the elephant-tray;
stray embers inundate the eye.

I know a blond boy fighting hell in
Spain
(we argued politics one night in
dreams)

who'd give his right arm for a cigarette.
I know a Chinaman I'll never know.
He certainly could go for a good stiff
shot
before he picked the fragments from
the crib.

Balm from the glass with the green
stars,
smoke of the ash in the elephant-tray.
Through fumes and veils and the fall-
ing walls
Stray embers inundate the eye.

EASTER

Not vain the promise of white
Eastertide,

And not in vain the green
ascending grass.

Grim was the spear that pierced His
tortured side,

Sad His dark hour, alas!

But O that moment when He rolled
away

The stone that bound Him in the
prisoning tomb;

And on that same triumphant Easter
day,

Rose many a trembling bloom:

Lilies that loosed the iron gates of
Death,

Tulips that told once more that Life
is good;

After His silence the awakening
breath,

The abandoned Cross of wood;

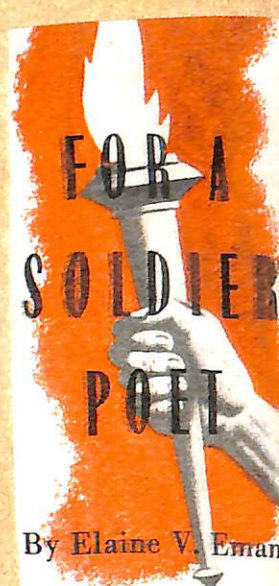
A light upon the earth that had not
shone

Without this miracle of Easter
day. . .

O heart, rejoice! O soul, look back
upon

The stone He rolled away.

—Charles Hanson Towne



KNOWING him twenty
Summers dead,
Do we remember
The way he said,

"**IF YE** break faith,
We shall not sleep,
Though poppies blow?"
God, do we keep

THE faith, and hold
The torches high
They flung to us?
Or does each lie

IN Flanders Field
And turn and toss,
Finding no rest
Beneath his cross?

Christian Faith

The Christian Faith still holds within its power
The mighty moving forces of the world,
It is like a light that burns in some high tower;
It is like a bright flag suddenly unfurled;
It is like a clean wind blowing out of heaven;
It is like all wonder-things that have sufficed
To lift the hearts of men—it is the leaven
That draws us heavenward, for it is CHRIST.

A perfect pattern for the coming ages,
And for the past—the Man of Galilee,
And none of all the prophets and the sages
Who have trod the earth through any century
Have raised the standard set by Christ those days
He walked with men along the common ways.

The Simple Shepherd

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

From Maryland comes this month's
Southern poem to memorize (as selected
by Mrs. Henry S. Johnson) — a truly
exquisite verse reminding us that who-
ever lives close to Nature and in sympa-
thetic touch with the calls of our dumb
friends will often find his heart answer-
ing some summons far more appealing
and satisfying than anything a more
glittering "success" could ever offer:

I am a shepherd of the plain—the weak-
ling ewes are prone to me;
Down through the meadows gray with
rain I follow where their cry may be.
My brethren mock me year by year, who
with the seasons come and go
By ship or sandal, script or spear, with
caravan or moving show,
And bid me seek the market place, the
tumult of the outbound sea.
The promise of the mountain's face, the
distance of the desert free.

But, mid the silent dusks and dews, the
gentle pastures of the plain,
I bide the calling of the ewes, to which
none other's ear is fain.

Under and over forever
under and over
twists the taut lover.

Closer than love was
is sea in the skull hollow
in ribs the sea rhythm
closer than bone's marrow

Under and over
twists the bright bone:
the skeleton
arched to the sea.

FORMAL PRAYER

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray;
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear:
Nor will he to these lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

MISSISSIPPI

For thy grand and varied hills
For thy clear and rippling rills
For thy wide and fertile vales,
For thy coves, and glens, and
dales—
I love thee, Mississippi.

With thy mists, and clouds, and
storms,
With thy winds, and rains, and
calms,
With thy snow, and hail, and
sleet,
With thy sunshine and thy heat
I love thee, Mississippi.

Where thy forests stand serene,
Where thy prairies roll between,
Where thy rich plantations lie,
Where thy sedge fields never
die—
I love thee, Mississippi.

Brave thy men, thy women fair,
Boys and girls beyond compare,
Proud thy record, years gone by,
Bright thy prospects, drawing
nigh—
I love thee, Mississippi.

Place where first I saw the
light,
Place where boyhood made its
fight,
Place where love and hope grew
strong,
Place where home and friends
belong—
I love thee, Mississippi.

Here, my heart, thy vigils keep;
Here, my dead, in quiet sleep;
Here, my life, ebb thou away;
Here, my bones, turn back to
clay—
I love thee, Mississippi.

THE BOOKWORM MENACE

I have innumerable books
Arranged to catch the eyes of crooks,
But do they ever borrow those?
A thousand irritated NO'S!

Straight as the homing pigeon flies
They light upon the ones I prize,
No matter how I stretch myself
To hide them on the highest shelf.

To My Bud In The AAF

Nebraska seems a different place
Since you have gone there for a
while;

I had not deemed it much but
space
And boundless prairie, mile on
mile.
A trackless waste of wind and
weather,
A peg to hold the world together.

But rainbows span Nebraska's sky,
And busy cities grace her plan,
While round about them wheat
fields lie
That feed a nation with their
grain.

Yet if it still were only weather
I'd wish we both were there—
together.

Dedicated to our brother, Pvt.
Alvin J. Prisock, who is in the
Army Air Force, and stationed at
Lincoln Air Base, Lincoln, Nebras-
ka.

His sisters,
Ludie, Edna and Clara.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

By Minnie Case Hopkins

I TUCKED him in, then stooped beside his bed
To hear him say his prayers. "God bless us all," he said,
"An' please help me be good so I won't fight
That ol' McKelvie boy no more. Amen. Good-night."

GOOD-NIGHT, my little son. Thanks for your prayer for peace.
God help us to be good: then wars will quickly cease.

JOY OF LIFE

A tiny hallway, dark and rather bare,
Two arms held forth in welcome at the door,
Red, lifted lips like roses in the sun—
And I forget my cares, for I am home!

A gingham apron o'er a shabby gown,
A pair of eyes like velvet pansies, brown,
An eager voice, the household gossip giving,
And I sit back and sigh: "Ah, this is living!"

—CLAIRE M. BRETT

Old Road

There's an old dirt road that runs
along
The cowslip-bordered stream
Where willows lean to hear the song
And water-lilies dream.
An old dirt road, not traveled much,
But at its bend I see
A friendly waving hand and know
What pleasures wait for me.

An old dirt road that winds itself
Around a corner, where,
Beyond the dusty sumac trees
Are memories to share.
For every heart some time, some where
Has known and longed to be
Where an old dirt road winds in and
out
In the land of memory.

Grace Sayre

THE UNDEFEATED

Not ours to know defeat
Because the rough winds blow;
Over the hills of sleet
Onward we go.

Onward and upward. Thus
We press, though winter come,
And Song, once glorious,
Is strangely dumb.

Cowards are they who bide
In valleys safe and warm;
Who fear the rising tide
Or a fierce storm.

Courage! at last the night
Shall surely pass away,
And, robed in diamond light,
Dawn the new day.

Charles Hanson Towne

Opportunity

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

The famous J. J. Ingalls sonnet on
lost opportunity closes with a line like
the closing doors of Doom: "I answer
not and I return no more." As our Ten-
nessee poem we print (slightly abbrevi-
ated) Walter Malone's reply, also en-
titled "Opportunity":

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come . . .
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy
spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from
hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to
Heaven.

THE OLD HOME CHURCH

By Truletta Fern Young

Oh, the old home church of our childhood days,
Within thy walls we found a Savior, learned His ways;
'Twas here our mothers worshiped through the years,
And still thy silence echoes a long-dead father's prayers.
Within thy sacred shade in faith our loved ones sleep—
Guard well their resting place; thy tender vigil keep.

Long may thy friendly spire point us to One above
While all the countryside enshrines thee with its love.

THE BRIDE

As slim and straight as the candles at her side
She stands, a flower with a flower's own grace.
Sheathed in the petaled satin of a bride,
Wrapped in a shimmering mist of fragile lace,
Serious and shy and very sweet
She waits her lover's coming, eyes a-brim
With happy dreams that are not yet complete,
And only can be realized through him.

Here on the threshold of the years she stands,
So soon to leave her girlhood in the past—
God give her lover tender heart and hands
That the white radiance in her eyes may last.
God give her wisdom that she, too, may hold
His love till all the fires of earth grow cold.

By Grace Noll Crowell

PLOWING TODAY

By Alice McHugh Barrett

"We are going to plow today!"
I can hear the leather of the harness strain
And the click of the tug with its tip of chain
While across my back with the lines I steer
And grip the plow as it starts to veer.

"We are going to plow today!"
And the crows will follow along the track
As the furrow flings the green to black;
And the robins will sing, and the dog in play
Will bark at the horses along the way.

"We are going to plow today!"
And how my heart in rapture lifts
When the silvery dusk to evening shifts;
With footsteps lagging behind the team,
With traces dragging and their backs asteam,
In softening shadows we go up the lane,
And I thank God who gives us spring again!

A Change of Luck

Back home a gambler I've always been
But my horses never did seem to come in,
I was unlucky at Bingo or playing the
numbers
But some day I'd win, I dreamt in slumbers.

I'll be darned if I finally didn't connect
For the Drafted Lottery did me select,
But my luck at that moment didn't cease
From then on it always seems to increase.

When one is needed to police the ground
I always seem to be around,
Whenever I seem to act serene
The Sergeant picks me to clean latrine.

When fatigue work's to be done
Your guess is right: I'm the one,
So my luck has really changed you see
For even right now I am doing K. P.
—Pvt. Samuel Berman, Co. L, 60th Inf.,
Fort Bragg.

SPELL

Caught in the web of summer
In an enchanted town,
In the prodigal beauty of crepe myrtle and mimosa
Endlessly blooming,
Without will I lie.
Always the blossoms at sill and path,
Always the bright, the somnolent emerald
Of trees weighted with fruit and leaves.
In the blurred maze of summer I wander,
Surrendered, lost, forgotten,
Memory and desire effaced by a dark magic—
Save for a brief, blinding nostalgia
For a sharp, clear dawn.

Southern Poems: "The Winds"

Old Kentucky furnishes this month's
Southern poem to read, reread, and
memorize, Mrs. Henry Johnson having
selected this truly exquisite sonnet by
one of the most gifted poets the South
has ever produced, the late Madison
Cawein (1865-1914):

Those hewers of the clouds, the Winds
that lair
At the four compass points, are out
tonight,
I hear their sandals trample on the
height;
I hear their voices trumpet through the
air.
Builders of storm, God's workmen, now
they bear
Up the steep stair of sky on the backs
of might,
Huge tempest bulks while—sweat that
blinds their sight—
The rain is shaken from tumultuous
hair.
Now, sweepers of the firmament, they
broom
Like gathered dust, the rolling mists
along
Heaven's floors of sapphire—all the
beautiful blue
Of skyey corridor and celestial room
Preparing with large laughter and loud
song
For the white moon and stars to wander
through.

A Soldier Girl's Soldier

It's been pretty lonesome down here, too,
Since first I went away;
It's kinda hard from feeling so,
After seeing you each day.

The happy letters I've read so often,
That arrived each time just when
The lonely months started to soften
Those thoughts that we are one.

Being alone, I've always dreaded,
And the lovely approach I, too, miss;
So, darling, each night when set to bed,
In my arms your spirit I do kiss.

When you twist in your feather bed,
Engulfed in eastern-howling winds;
I know in prayer, with low bent head,
You say: "PLEASE, GOD, look over
him."

I've been gazing at your picture,
During reveille, mess and taps;
My buddies do know it's . . . Rosemarie,
Without the slightest . . . perhaps.

In your prayers I have first place,
In mine you, too, are divine;
So together we ask the grace
That shall make you ever mine.

No doubt, other girls, too, are nice,
But others, dear, can never compare
With you; your characteristic and virtuous
life,
Nor keep me from you, or your loving
care.

I took along her picture, I placed it on my
shelf,
I showed it to the Corp'ral, but he had one
himself;
The many guys who stayed at home, their
feet were flat and wrong,
But they dance the rhumba with her now,
while I hike all day long;
The last time I saw Doris, she promised to
be true,
She promised to be faithful, but she didn't
say to who!

THE BOOK

Some go for pleasure
To mountains, seas,
Some seek for flowers
And stately trees;

But naught I find
In Nature's nooks,
Yields the delight
I get from books.

Perusing them
The world I roam,
And have no reason
To leave my home.

With Western miners
I dig for gold
I meet with robbers
Mean but bold.

I feel with lovers
Their youthful thrills,
I view the oceans
And climb the hills.

I go with soldiers
To glory fields;
I view the harvest
Which science yields.

I learn the wisdom
Of scholar, sage;
I see transgressors
Receive their wage.

In structures noble
I talk with kings;
With boldest flyers
I go on wings.

I see great nations
Rise, pass away;
Behold the conquerors
Who have their day.

Though I hear others,
Praise mountains, brooks,
And seas and cities,
I'll stick to books.

From The Lips of a Soldier

Could the breeze, but carry to you
The words I long for you to hear,
Could the breeze, like some remote power,
Bear this message to you, dear.

Each night, I spare a moment
'Neath a blue Hawaiian sky,
To think of you and home
And the memories long gone by.

Sometimes I hum to the breeze, the tune of
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,"
Yes, I know that jealousy should not be,
But, dear, it's there somehow.

Do you remember our times together,
The parties, the dances, our walks in
June?
Could those times but live again; they may,
Not tomorrow, nor the next day, but soon.

I'll sever no words, "I love you, dear,"
Could the breeze, but carry to you
These words I long for you to hear.
—Pvt. R. F. Ferguson, Battery "E," 64th
CAC (AA), Fort Shafter.

We're the Thirty Eighth Engineers
And so proud to belong to it,
Oh, may we never, never
Be cowards enough to quit;
We will stick through the thick and thin,
And surely always win;
So come on let's give a cheer
To the Thirty Eighth Engineers.

We were drafted in the Army
As Selectees proud and true;
We had no other motive,
There was nothing else to do;
But we're glad to do our duty
For the good old U. S. A.
As the Thirty Eighth we'll see it through
Until the final day.

Then let's drink to the red and white,
Always loyal and true we'll fight
Until the fray is over,
Defend you with all our might;
Then it's onward to victory,
Fight on for Old Glory,
And come on, let's give our cheers
To the Thirty Eighth Engineers.
—Wilbur Carlton Klingaman, Co. "A," 38th
Engineers, Fort Jackson, S. C.

Thou Openest Thy Hand

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Thou openest thy hand. O blessed One,
Because of this men live and laugh and sing;
The flowers unfurl their petals in the sun
The little birds take bright ecstatic wing;
Thy love has kept Thy great and mighty hand
Opened for every people, every land.

Thou openest thy hand—the good sun pours
Its warmth and light upon us day by day;
The vaulted clouds release their precious stores
To send the silver rain upon its way;
The grain is ripened, and the golden yield
Is like a benediction down each field.

We acknowledge, Lord, Thy mercy through
our days,

And give Thee our united, joyous praise.

The following poem may be rendered by
some good reader.

Because I have been given much,
I, too, must give:
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,
By Thy good care,
I cannot see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
My roof's safe shelter overhead,
That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so
Upon me, Lord,
A wealth I know that was not meant
For me to hoard,
I shall give love to those in need,
Shall show that love by word and deed,
Thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.
—GRACE NOLL CROWELL, *Light of the
Years*, published by Harper and
Brothers. Used by permission.

HER BIRTHDAY

One birthday candle shining bright
Gleamed on her golden hair.
She clapped her hands in sweet delight
She squealed and kicked her chair.

Two candles on her birthday cake
Brought many a laugh and shout.
And oh, the big breath that she took
To blow the candles out!

Before we knew it there were three;
Then four—so soon thereafter.

WHEN REDDY DROPS HER CALF

By Bonnie D. Elkin

Should my heifer calve some sleety night
When coming home along the water ditch,
Or by the marshy waste, or windswept ledge
Over which she passes,
Will you not lay some straw or burlap bag
About the smoky thing—the newborn calf
Whose dampness soon must match the icy ground?

Or, if you are passing down the lane
And she be overtaken in the thing,
Will you not lift the gate that lets her in
Where she may find the straw and stall
That I have made for her?

She is a dainty temperamental thing,
And when her hour comes,
O, lend a hand—for MOTHERHOOD.

I'll Live for Him

My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God!

I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

O Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I'll consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

—R. E. Hudson

"EASTER PARADE"

In your Army bonnet, with good old "U. S."
on it,
You'll be the proudest soldier, when you're
out on Parade;
Soldier, when you don it, that good old
Army bonnet,
You're proving to the world that you're so
unafraid;
On the avenue, when they look at you,
Soon as you appear, you'll hear them cheer;
As you march, head erect, we know what
to expect;
So wear that Army bonnet,
With good old "U. S." on it,
We're proud of you, dog-gone it,
When you're out on Parade.

THE END

PRAYER FROM A YOUNG HEART

Oh, God, who brought the harvest with its plenty,
Who filled the fields with shining seas of grain;
Let us, who are the younger generation,
Do something to relieve this sad world's pain.
Give us the courage to be real crusaders,
Give us the faith to conquer each new task,
Give us the strength to smile, despite disaster—
Father in Heaven, this is what we ask!

Oh, God, who brought the harvest with its showers
Of vivid fruit, in russet and in gold,
Show us that pride may still be resignation;
Lend us your wisdom for we are not old
And life has taught us little . . . May your spirit
Be close beside us as we kneel and pray—
Father in Heaven, use us to your glory,
We ask you this upon Thanksgiving Day.

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

15—TUBA

Pulling its tones way up from Cuba
This mass of brass is called the TUBA
A bulky weight it seems to be
To dandle gaily on one's knee.
Though often flirting with disaster
A tuba learns to know its master
And just to show that love abounds
Emits the most outrageous sounds.
(Malignant tubas, though, for fun,
May coil about and strangle one.
So with this constantly in mind
It trains you tuba very kind.)
When Richard Wagner in a frenzy
Tried tubas in his play, "Rienzi,"
Composers thought them simply grand,
A thing I'll never understand.

An unfortunate treatment applied to
her eyes when she was six weeks old
made Fanny Crosby blind throughout
life. Yet her affliction never made her
gloomy. When she was eight years old
she wrote this cheerful and courageous
ditty:

O what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy,
That other people don't,
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot and I won't.

Fannie Crosby found her greatest joy
in Christ and her life mission in writ-
ing hymns. To her, Christ was both a
loving Saviour and living Companion.
From her heart she wrote such hymns
as: "Blessed Assurance," "Jesus, Jesus
as: "Blessed Assurance," "Jesus, Jesus
Is Mine," "Jesus, Keep Me Near the
Cross," and "Saviour, More Than Life
to Me." No matter what the trial, one
is happy who lives with and for Christ.

"STORMY WEATHER"

Dress Parade, I forget to clean my suit—
Stormy Weather!
The captain and I got together, it's raining
all the time;
Passed him by, I neglected to salute—
Stormy Weather!
The captain and I got together, it's raining
all the time.
Guard duty—doin' time.
Always out of step, when on hike and tired,
Haven't got the pep, I'm not quite inspired,
Wish it was a job where a guy got fired,
wish I was home with Ma;
My gun slipped, and I got tripped, present-
ing arms—Stormy Weather!
The captain and I got together, it's raining
all the time,
It's stormy all the time!

A TEST OF YOUR PATRIOTISM

And if our lines should form and break,
Because of things you failed to make—
The extra tank or ship or plane
For which we waited all in vain,
And the supplies that never came,
Will you then come and take the blame?
For we, not you, will pay the cost
Of battle you, not we, have lost.

—By a United States Marine,
"Somewhere in the Pacific."

Big Stuff

Oh, I ain't been in the Army long,
But I'm a pretty important guy;
And without my bein' present—say
Hardly anything big goes by.

I keep trav'lin' from HQ to HQ
On the most important matters all day;
And my clothes are always slick and trim,
'Cause I've got to be seen that way.

I go to all the conf'rences,
And all the parties and things
Where "Lieutenants" and Captains and Majors
meet
And that air of importance rings.

Oh, there are plenty of guys in the Army;
And plenty of things to be;
But few get around the way I do,
—For I'm the Colonel's chauffeur, you see.

—Pvt. Arthur Slutsky
Windsor Locks, Conn.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

● Meditation ●

By William H. Carruth

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,
Here's a uniform to show,
And a gun with full equipment, pack and
all.
I have drilled from morn till night,
Putting enemies to flight
And have memorized each note of bugle
call.

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,
I've been schooled in gunnery
And I've walked my share of guard and
cossack post
I've been toughened up to key,
Stood retreat and reveille
And have weathered every tempest with a
boast.

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,
I'm hard and tough and tanned
And Soldiered far and wide, were'er we
roam
But way down deep inside,
I know those people lied.
Cause my heart is always back with those
at home.

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,
But when the "chips" are down
And fellows talk of home, (as fellows do).
I feel a lump inside
And a yearning hard to hide
And I long for those old places I once
knew.

So I guess I'm not a Soldier
Cause underneath it all,
When you strip away the glitter and the
chrome;
I'm marking off each day
As time goes on its way
Just waiting for the time when I'll go
home.

—J. T. Carroll, Btry. F, 211th C.A. (AA),
Camp Hulen, Texas

A fire-mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm
lost

In wonder, love, and praise.
O how can words with equal
warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished
heart?
But thou canst read it there!

Ten thousand thousand precious
gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and
night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear
wife and mother.

It has been just 3 months and
15 days since God called you home
to stay. But oh how we miss you.
No tongue can ever say.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death it remains the same.
A precious one from us is gone;
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant in our hearts,
Which never can be filled.

It was hard to see you go,
But God in heaven knoweth best.
Holds wide His arms and said,
"Come unto me and rest."
You are gone but not forgotten,
Not as long as life and memory
last,
We shall remember thee.

Last night recalled our sad
memory of our dear mother who
has gone to rest. Oh, Mother,
how we miss you as the days go
by. How we love to meet you in
that heavenly home so bright,
Where there will be no more sad
aches in our hearts.

Written by the ones that love
her. — E. G. Green, Children and
Grandchildren.

Extra K. P.

'Twas a cold and rainy morning,
We were in an awful rush.
The way I appeared at Reveille
Would make the sergeant blush.

My leggins weren't all laced up,
I shivered fit to freeze.
The sergeant looked at me real tough
And my pants slid to my knees.

He said my gun was dirty,
And that, I thought, was strange.
I'd cleared it only yesterday
Fore we fired on the range.

My brass had all corroded
(Too darned quick it seems.)
My shirt-tail kept a-pokin' out
When I'd pull up my jeans.

I saw the sarge was gettin' sore,
He crouched there like a cat,
Like he was gonna jump on me
And the wind blew off my hat.

I jumped and made a dive for it
And slipped into a puddle,
And right beside me sat the sarge
Close enough to cuddle.

Now this is Sunday afternoon
And I am on "K.P."
Just because our sarge got wet,
When we stood Reveille.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

DESTINY

No use to fret and be afraid and
dread what is to be,
On us the burden has been laid—
we face our destiny.
For all that was which lies before
a thousand years away,
Happened precisely as it did to
bring us to today.

We are the sum of all that's gone,
behind us lies the past,
For this our fathers carried on, on
us their faith was cast.
We are their future hopes and
dreams, the reason they were
brave,
And now we stand to save the
things for which their
strength they gave.

No use to whimper and complain;
the task is ours to do!
We are the makers of the past our
children shall review,
Because our fathers were, we are,
and, just as they, shall we
Pass down to children, yet unborn,
the torch of liberty.

(Copyright, 1942, by The George Matthew
Adams Service)

A Prayer

My mother used to hold a lighted
lamp
At bedtime. I stood wide-eyed and
grave
Watching the long black stairway.
Then she placed
My hand in hers—together we were
brave.

My mother held a lighted lamp on
high
Until, within the circle of its glow,
We climbed into increasing light,
Leaving the darkened shadows far
below.

I would be brave when life has
dimmed its light.
God—hold a lighted lamp for me
tonight.

Dorothea A. Johnson

Autumn in a Garden

This is the way that summer went—
Last night I heard her farewell call;
And now the flowers in the sun
Are splashed with autumn's gypsy shawl.

A lonesome wind moans through the trees
With music old as time's refrain;
And leaves, as bright as butterflies,
Come slowly down like golden rain.

The garden spider's thin spun lace
Embroiders each brown blade and root
Beneath the twisted apple tree
Bent with its wealth of crimson fruit.

The summer went so quietly—
I grieved to hear her farewell call.
But look what fall has brought to me—
This flame vine on my garden wall!

Confessions of an Army Private

Here I am in the kitchen, peeling buckets
of spuds,
Wearing a dirty apron, to cover my khaki
duds,
I thought I had some rights and stood up
for them you see,
I told the boys I was second cook, but I'm
just a plain K.P.
I'm sitting here in the kitchen, with slop all
over my jeans,
Picking rocks and splinters, out of a barrel
of beans,
The mess sarge is a slaver, he gives a man
no rest,
The first cook is a villain, but I hate the
second cook best.
They call me a lady's man,
But what would my sweeties say, if they
saw me now,
Scrubbing greasy pot and pan.
How bravely I enlisted, to march away
to wars,
But here I am in the kitchen, doing my
battery's chores.
Many a night, I've squandered, doing a
ballroom stunt,
Now what a fool I've been, a helpless,
hopeless runt.
Now I've confessed and swallowed my
pride.
I'll stick to the rank I possess—
I am just a plain soldier K.P.

—George A. Golding,
Battery "A", 251 C.A. (AA),
Camp Malakole, Honolulu.

Wing Radio

(with apologies to QST)

'T WAS the day before New Years
And all through the room
None of the floor could be seen—
Not even a broom!
For traffic was plastered
Knee-high at DF 4
And every few minutes
ZMA some more.

The poor OP was sweating
O'er "mill" and key
Couldn't finish one SKET
Before his next ZFD
Static X-5—My gosh!
What a great shock!
W-5 says the other guy.
And already five o'clock.

Three hours later
He leans back with a groan,
Thinking, at last,
He has some time of his own,
But ZMA Selfridge
Comes the far away cry—
He turns on his set
With blood in his eye . . .

Some time later
He pauses to stare—
Hark! The sound of harsh music—
Floats out on the air!
Can it be Gabriel??
Oh! Not by a da— sight!
"Ye Gods!" 'Tis the bugle
I've been working all night!!

"Selectee Number 360000"

Cut my hair in the G. I. style,
I'm in the Army for quite a while;
From the best wool grown my uniform's
made,
No use reneging, a spade's a spade.

Forward march! And a few hundred turns,
Boy oh boy! How that old sun burns!
At ease men, Rest; Boy what a guy!
Almost like an angel from the sky.

First he drills us with a will,
We almost want to go "Over the hill."
When we're near pooped out he hollers,
"Rest."
Of the guys I've known, he's one of the
best.

There goes chow, look at us run!
A day in the Army is almost done;
With contented sighs we sit down to eat,
Say! This chow can't be beat!

There are the Colors flying on high,
Slowly drawn down, for evening is nigh;
There goes the bugle, "To the Colors" it
sounds,
We stand at salute, while our heart thumps
and pounds.

What Saps, Those Japs

When the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor
They found us not quite ready,
They thought it then an easy task,
And have since been coming steady.

They downed our planes and killed our men,
The odds were well against us, but,
The tide will turn, we'll win, and then,
That "Sun" will go down forever.

Come on, you folks back there at home,
Lend a hand and help us,
Pour forth into it all you've got,
Be cheerful with it all, don't fuss.

See to it that "The Rising Sun"
Shall never rise again,
And all but one that ever rise
Shall be the "Sons of Men."

We'll win this war, and when 'tis o'er,
The Japs will be the losers,
But they're the ones who asked for it,
We were not the choosers.
—T. Sgt. W. G. Terry, Bolling Field, D. C.

Chiggers

Shadows fool me when it's night
Mirages when the sun is bright,
Mosquitoes puzzle my I. Q.
And sergeants ask me what to do.
After a day
I say:
Please, let go of me
I am only P. F. C.
—Pfc. Ludwig Schwartzman, Ft. Jackson,
S. C.

Bred For Liberty

I'm glad to give my boy to Uncle Sam,
I've bred in him, the meaning of our Flag.
He'll gladly fight, and die, to keep our Flag
on high;
America to him means everything.

I've raised him with the help of Uncle Sam,
And no dictator told me what to do.
Now he's on his way, to keep the U. S. A.
And hold aloft the Red-White-and Blue.

In the service of his country, he'll proudly
march ahead,
To show the world Democracy must live.
For the good old U. S. A. is on this earth to
stay,
And I'm glad to give my son to Uncle Sam.
—Mrs. H. L. Nickerson, 40 Otis Ave.,
Dedham, Mass.

Sara has Craig
And Ruth has, too.
Nancy has Charles
And nobody else too.
Bobbie has Billy Dees
And Nita has too.
Miss Viverett has Coach
And so has Miss Goodwin.
"Chour" (Swing it hot Buddie)
Hee-Haw Hee-Haw
Beth has Billy
Mary has George
But me—
I ain't nobody's baby!

With The Poets

The "Mississippi Poetry Society"
announces the following as
first prize winner of its Mid-Winter
Contest for 1942:

LET THERE BE LIGHT

The Hand that fires the beacon
In the flaming disk of sun
Is the Hand that lights the candles
Of the stars—when day is done,
And sets the lantern of the moon
To shed its beams across my
room.

If through the day—and into
night
He makes the heavens shine with
light,
I feel secure and know that He
Will surely make a light for me!
—MRS. GRACE KIR WOFFARD
—Mrs. Grace Kirk Woffard.

The Twilight

I long to sit in the quiet
And watch the setting sun,
And listen to the little sounds
As twilight is begun.

Over there a little cloud
Is rimmed around with gold,
It really is a lovely sight
Too lovely to behold.

And then a deathly silence
As though prearranged by cue,
The vivid colors in the west
Turn to a quiet blue.

Way off in the distance
Can be heard a coyote's wail,
While close at hand I hear the tones
Made by nesting quail.

There's a rustle in the bushes
That gives one's nerves a test,
As some poor lonely desert bird
Settles down to rest.

The East may have its forest
The North may have its lake,
But if someone gave me my choice
'Twould be the West I'd take.

—Sgt. Frank Blaine, Camp Barkeley, Texas

The Letter You Didn't Write

There comes a day in every one's life,
When he gets lonesome and blue.
Now the way to chase those blues away,
Is to hear from some one you once knew.

He may be in a far distant land,
Where everything is new and strange,
And finds it hard to accustom himself,
To this new and different range.

The loneliest boys you'll find around,
In the barracks every night.
Are the boys that kept looking for
That letter that you didn't write.

A little note from you once in a while,
To let them know that you still care.
Will help those boys out an awful lot,
While watching and waiting over there.

Although you have neglected him before,
Why don't you sit down to-night,
And tell him the things you would have said
In that letter that you didn't write.
—Sgt. Ervin C. Langevin, Schofield Barracks.

Sweet music is lifting my soul
each day,
In each bird-note or whispering
pine,
And sweetly I hear my Master say
"All this and more, my child is
thine.

"I'll care for you child, though the
winds blow cold,
And dark seem the clouds o'er
your way,
For you placed your hands in mine
long ago,
And I'm watching o'er you day by
day."

Just list to His voice so gentle and
kind,
For in Him perfect love there is
found,
"Come to me child, I'll hold you
fast."
Then I see in His side the deep
wound.

He'll welcome me home one of
these days,
When death opens the gate from
this world,
Or we'll meet him with shouts of
welcome,
When He comes with His glories
unfurled.
Let's be ready.
—Mrs. W. N. Kilpatrick,
Noxapater, Miss.

Shadows

I cannot think that God has meant
For shadows to be fearsome things,
Else He would not have given us
The shadow of His wings.
Nor would His tall trees by the way,
Trace out a cool sweet place
Where weary travelers may pause
To find His soothing grace.
Nor would the shadows of the night
Enfold us in that tranquil rest
That falls upon the sleeping babe
Rocked at its mother's breast.
And though the shadows over life
May seem to creep apace,
Behind the darkest one of them
Is His assuring face!

Mrs. Claude Allen McKau

Country Things I Love Most

In our contest "Country Things I Love Most—In Terms
of Books" was written in verse and is so good we are
on to our readers.)

is "Amazing Interlude,"
"orm or Sunshine," "The Crossing" here,
ose "Years of Grace" that taught
"Malice Towards None" a real "Conquest of Fear."

"Cabin in the Woods,"
"The Keeper of the Bees,"
e "April Gold," "Deep Summer"—
Choir Invisible" among the "Trees."

The Good Earth," "Green Pastures," "Seed"—
Wind in the Willows," a "Sea of Grass,"
erry Orchard," deep "Blue Water,"
Wild Geese" calling as they pass.

All Animals, Big and Little,"
Courage for Today" in each "Courageous Heart,"
The Big Barn," "The Barnyard Village,"
Where even "The Yearling" plays "So Big" a part.

I love our "Country Doctor," a "Knight Without Armor,"
And "The Sunbonnet Babies" in soft pink and blue.
At each "Evening Altar" I send up thanks of a farmer:
For all this my thanks, Lord—"All This and Heaven, Too."

Does a Rookie Need a Cookie?

I'm one of those soldiers they talk about
Who's supposed to be low on morale.
It's a terrible problem to some folks, no
doubt,
But a big laugh to me and my gal.

Now we don't go hungry as kind ladies
think,
We get three big square meals a day.
Our problem, like yours, is the dish in the
sink,
Can you raise our morale in that way?

Sending cookies to rookies we agree is so
nice,
And those other things that you bake—
But I guess we'll have to put them on ice—
We're too full of ice cream and cake.

And another point we'd like to explain
Involves sweaters and socks that you knit.
Please don't think that soldiers are overly
vain,
It's just that the darn things don't fit!

You see, Uncle Sam is a generous gent—
He gives us more clothes than we need,
And the home work you send with such
good intent
Lies around and just goes to seed.

Give us cigarette papers and packs of Bull
Durham
To reach us on days when we're broke.
Our troubles aren't much . . . it's easy to
cure 'em
When we've got good tobacco to smoke.
—G. I. Brown, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

A little more kindness,
A little less creed,
A little more giving,
A little less greed,
A little more smile,
A little less frown,
A little less kicking
A man when he's down.
A little more "WE,"
A little less "I"
A little more laugh,
A little less cry,
A little more flowers
On the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves
At the end of the strife.
— Select

AIR MAIL—\$5 PRIZE

Every night when the clock strikes eight
And the stars are out and it's very late
And the moon is dim in the western sky,
I watch to see the mail go by.

You can hear it whirring over the hill
When the sun has set and the wind is still
And if you are looking straight overhead,
You see its lights, all green and red.

And its motor plays a little tune,
As a shadow swoops across the moon.
Just beneath the stars and across the sky,
I watch the mail go roaring by.

—JOHN GATES

You may write a thousand letters to the
girl that you adore,
And declare in every letter that you love
her more and more,
You may praise her grace and beauty in
a thousand glowing lines,
And compare her eyes of angels to the
brightest star that shines,
If you had a pen of Shakespeare you would
use it every day,
In composing written lyrics to your sweet-
heart far away,
But the letter far more welcome to an
older, gentler breast,
Is the letter to your Mother from the
boy she loves the best.

She will read it very often when the lights
are soft and low,
Sitting in the same old corner where she
held you years ago,
And regardless of its dictation or its spell-
ing or its style,
And although its composition would pro-
voke a critic's smile,
In her sweet and tender fingers it becomes
a work of art,
Stained by tears of joy and sadness as she
hugs it to her heart,
Yes, the letter of all letters, wherever you
may roam,
Is the letter to your Mother from her boy
far away from home.

—PFC. Jack Goldberg, Aircraft Warning—
Hawaii. Schofield Bks. T. H.

Red stood there at Stella's side for sev-
eral moments, and then he started to lean
forward and kiss her shoulder again. Stella
stopped playing, turned and met his lips
with hers, her arms going up around his
neck. Then, with a startled small laugh, she
pushed him away.

"Oh, father . . . well, young man, I'm
glad to see he has gone to bed. No doubt
but what he trusts you, but after all a
father can't very well let any man kiss his
daughter so completely and familiarly."

He sat down on the bench next to her.
"Forgive me for this afternoon, Stella."
She was about to comment, then caught
herself and remained silent. Her eyes
opened wider when she saw the frown
come onto his face, and that hard, faraway
look in his eyes.

"I've been thinking it over. You mean
so damn much to me, but . . ." He hesi-
tated, and then quickly told her his sus-
I looked around, then asked, "Who, Me?"
And I'll swear that he said, "Certainly."

Since elders have all my respect,
I always do as they direct.
My "Unk" said I should join the Army,
I couldn't see how that would harm me.
So then I went into the place,
Where I'd meet the Army face to face.
But within me rose an awful fright,
Which I fought down with all my might.
I opened that fateful door,



It's raining . . . rain, Do
we complain, Have we a pain,—Do we
love the rain?
Are we all tired of a little sunny weather?
Aren't we inspired when we walk in rain-
soaked leather?
Doesn't Ma Nature know we're trying to
explain
Just how we feel when asking with zeal,
Do we love the rain?
The rainy Season's here again, Just see it
pour,
Do we get sore, or just "insane"?
Beautiful Rain, Now do we take thy name
in vain?
Sure if we do, it's because we love you,
Rain.
—Ruth Comfort Renwick, 84 Clifton St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

Mystery In The Air

(Dedicated to Vivian Weeks and all good little girls and boys.)

By Jesse O. Weeks

My Ma is awful fidgity and Pa
is awful cross,
They talk about their profits, they
talk about their loss;
My mama wants a coat and Billy
wants a ball,
Sister wants a cedar chest and I
want a great big doll;
I want a book and teddy bear and
Billy wants a sled,
My daddy wants a radio and my
dolly wants a bed.

Ma took me to the stores where
there were lots of toys,
But, honest Injun, seemed like
they were mostly all for
boys.

My ma just whispers to daddy
and tiptoes all around,
And everything's so quiet you can
hardly hear a sound;
As soon as I am tucked in bed and
Ma thinks I'm asleep,
They scamper to the attic or to
the closet creep;

There is something mysterious and
I can't figure out

Just what it is or what it means
or what it's all about.

But daddy says if I am good that
Santa will come

A-sliding down the chimney right
into our home;

But I don't think he can, for he's
so big and round,

And if he lands upon our roof he'll
sure come tumbling down.

My grandma says she saw him
once when she was small
like me,

That he's a jolly, kind old man and
good as he can be;

He must be akin to Jesus who
loved the children so,

And blest them and helped them
wherever He did go;

So when my bedtime prayer is
said each night, before I'm
through,

I'll say, "Dear Lord, bless Santa
Claus and Mama and
Daddy, too."

Are You Proud to be a Soldier?

Are you proud to be a soldier of the
U. S. A.,
Are you proud to do your duty every hour
of every day,
Do you snap right to attention on given
a command,
Know you're in the army and do you really
understand,
That you're fighting for Old Glory, swear-
ing to be true,
Remembering that the army is depending
son on you?

Are you neat in your appearance, does your
uniform look smart,
When your regiment gets its orders, are
you ready then to start,
If things should go against you, can you
take it with a grin,
As a soldier, can you grit your teeth and
take it on the chin,
Can you take a little ribbing when your
buddies want to play,
And know they're only kidding in the good
old army way!

Can you guard your regiment's secrets and
no matter where you walk,
Shut your mouth to strangers and remem-
ber not to talk,
Be proud of your commander and other
ranks as well,
And when our flag's in danger, you'll fight
for it like hell,
Can you really be a soldier 'till victory is
won, then Uncle Sam is proud of you,
You're a soldier my son!

—Copyrighted 1941 by the author,
Pvt. Joseph Gabriele, Anti-Tank Co.,
32nd Infantry, Fort Ord, Cal.

RETURN TO ALBEMARLE

You said the wonder of the scented rain,
The spell of trees, the April witchery,
And all the little, ancient sorcery
Would not be here when I should come again.
You said the blue enchantment of the hills
Was with the bright, swift, burning summer gone
And I should find remembered magic done
And fields swept bare beneath a blight that kills

But still toward Albemarle I turned once more
And followed where the night-bird's arrowed cry
Had through the frosty air as by a chart
Cut southward in the darkness of the sky—
And knew that I should find all as before,
For all I sought was safe within my heart.

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take
them all;
What has thou then more than thou
hadst before?
All mine was thine before thou hadst
this more."

Let nothing disturb you
Nothing affright you;
All things are passing;
God never changeth.

Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting
God alone sufficeth.

LOCH LOMOND

By Grace

Noll Crowell

Twas then that we parted
In yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side
Of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue
The highland hills we view
And the moon coming out
In the gloaming.

Chorus

Take the high road, and, I'll take the low road,
In Scotland afore ye,
By true love we'll never meet again
On the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing,
And the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters
Are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens
Nae second spring again,
Tho' the wae'ful may cease
Frae their greeting.

Spirit of "C" Battery

We are one hundred forty-two strong,
Keeping step as we merrily march along,
Jolly good fellows during the day,
And d— good sports in our play.

We take off our hats to good old C. A.,
And make the best of come-what-may,
We drink our pops and guzzle our beers,
But we stay clean behind the ears.

We are on the coast where there is plenty
of sand,
When you are in trouble our B. C. will
lend a hand,
Happy men are we,
As you will find in any battery.

The day after pay-day we don't have a cent,
But we are not broke, just slightly bent,
There's lots of fellows we never saw before,
But, doggone it, the welcome mat is in
front of our door.

They say we recruits are to stay only one
year,
We like it here so what do we fear,
Jolly good fellows it is true,
So proudly we stand up for the RED
WHITE, and BLUE.
—Pvt. Leo Lemsky, Battery "C," 13th C. A.
Fort Borranacas, Fla.

Preparation

What shall I take into the coming year?
And what shall I leave behind? I asked my heart
And quick came the answer: "Lay all doubt and fear
And anxious care aside before you start.
Take life's stark necessities along:
The Word of God, and daily study it,
The staff of faith, the lamp of hope, a song
Of high and dauntless courage; fill your kit
With laughter, and take happiness to wear,
'Twill cloak you on the bleakest, coldest day;
And take an apple and a loaf to share
With one who may be hungry on the way.
Fill your canteen from a wayside well,
You may grow thirsty," said my cautious heart,
"And Hark! across the world a midnight bell
Peals out a summons—it is time to start!"

Our Sergeant

In other days the sarge was tough
And little yardbirds had it rough
For when it was their wont to play
The Old Man felt it time to bray
And hold them in their lines so straight
Chin in, chest out, it was their fate
To heel the line and guide it right
With drill and dress from morn to night

But now our sarge is lean and lank
And loose and limber in the shank.
His manner mild, his voice so sweet
Just like a mother Nanny's bleat.
Each morning 'ere the night is done
He comes and wakes us every one
With gentle tap and whispered word;
The sleepy rookies' morning bird.

Oh, sarge who was my father's fright
That you should be my shining light.
In teaching me what I should know;
The rifle sling, the cadence slow.
What time to go to bed at night
And that I shouldn't come home tight.
The brood of chicks, the doting hen,
Don't mind me, sarge; with us "you're in."

A New Song for an Old

'Tis said that:
If the Army and the Navy,
Ever look on heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines.
But we think:
The gallant Leathernecks,
Will likely suffer pains,
When they find the place was sighted first
By U. S. Air Corps Planes.

PERSPECTIVE

Riding through the clouds today
Across the summer sky
The world looked very orderly
As I was passing by.

So straight the streets, so square the
farms
It almost seemed to me
An architect had planned the way
That every town should be.

Yet walking up and down the earth
I've sometimes been confused
By carelessness of small design
The building men have used.

So maybe criss-cross ways of life,
And things that people do
Are circumspect and orderly
From some remoter view.

Flowers

As I read faces that I see
I think there's something meant for me
To carry out. I smile and then
They smile and brighten. That is when

I think He may have need of me,
I say this in humility,
For kindness in some little part
That softly falls upon the heart.

And so, to those I meet each day,
I would impart a cheering ray,
That never may their lives be dim
But bright with flowers sown for Him.
Ella F. McKee

PEOPLE OF NOTE

By Laurence McKinney

6—VIOLA

VIOLA, there's a pretty sound
Suggesting violets, and ground
All blossoming in early spring
But, bless me, it is no such thing.
A head cold—listeners confess
Is what it sounds like more or less
And though this virtue may present
A sort of nasal armament
Violists spend the livelong day
In helping others on their way.
The fiddle's friend, the cello's pal—
He helps the English Horn's morale.
With envy eating out his heart
For just a tiny solo part.
No better phrase describes him than
The Orchestra's forgotten man.

Absolute knowledge I have none,
 But my nieces' washerwoman's son
 Heard a policeman on his beat
 Say to a laborer in the street
 That he had a letter last week
 Written in the finest Greek
 From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
 Who said that the natives in Cuba knew
 Of a colored man in a Texas town
 Who got it straight from a circus clown
 That a man in the Klondike heard the news
 From several South American Jews
 Who heard of a society female rake
 Whose mother-in-law will undertake
 To prove that her husband's sister knows
 As stated in a printed piece
 That she has a son, who has a friend
 Who knows when this war is GOING TO
 END.

*I should choose my brightest gown
Another to enchant . . .
I should do all these things, I know.
I ought to—but I can't!*

By Joyce Flanagan Somerset

This is not she in whose dull
eyes we trace
A resignation to the urban
clamor
That frets old ears; she recol-
lects a place
Dearer by far than any city's
glamour:

The little lanes of home . . . In
what weird dream
Were these bright towers con-
ceived, these checkered
streets?
For her reality remains agleam
In lamplit windows where the
night moth beats.

More of her lies along the whis-
pering bough,
Or broods beneath some old,
deserted rafter,
Than we know of her altered be-
ing now
In this strange self so alien to
laughter;

More of her echoes when the
wood doves mourn
Across the fields her glad feet
used to know,
And rustles in the fields of wav-
ing corn
When eager plowshares turn
the dark'ning row.

Only her flesh is here; her heart
will stay
Forever captive in that frag-
rant loam.
Go seek her, then, a country-wide
away,
Where she goes singing down
the lanes of home!

DEATH OF CECIL REYNOLDS. shocked

Our community was shocked with sorrow in the early hour of January 12 by the sudden death of Cecil Reynolds, 20 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Reynolds. He was home on a visit from the mute institute of Jackson when death occurred. He would have graduated this year with high honors. He is survived by his parents, six brothers, a sister, many relatives and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held from the Calvary Baptist church, Friday morning, conducted by the Rev. C. C. Weaver, pastor of Calvary church, Rev. J. W. Holliday, pastor of White Hall church, and Rev. W. I. Allen, Baptist minister. Interment was in the church cemetery, with Robertson and Francis funeral home in charge.

Out of the county friends and relatives attending the funeral were: Mr. John R. Bane, Supt. of the Institute at Jackson; two classmates, Mr. Benton Cox and Miss Marie Nevels of Jackson; Military Police J. C. Reynolds of Ft. Bragg,

N. C.; Sgt. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds Jr., and baby of Camp Shelby, Pvt. Roscoe Hare of Theodore, Ala., Pvt. Lemuel Pearson, Camp Sibert, Ala.; Pvt. J. T. Pearson of Ft. Benning, Ga., and Mr. Major Lee Hare and family of Plattsburg.

Our deep sympathy is extended to the grief stricken family.

ands and
funeral
Supt. of
two class
and Miss
Military
t. Bragg,

THE
Voices

By
GRACE
NOLL
CROWELL

Jesus Last Day On Earth!
(A dramatized version)

JESUS CRUCIFIED

9 a. m. — And after that they mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him and led him away to crucify him, Jesus bearing his cross went forth. And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, who passed by coming out of the country; and they laid hold upon Simon, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus. There were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death. When they went unto the place called in the Hebrew Golgotha, a place of skulls, they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, he received it not. They crucified him there. With him they crucified two malefactors, one on his right hand, the other on his left. And the Scripture was fulfilled. Then said Jesus, (1) Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

The soldiers when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be; that the Scripture might be fulfilled, which saith: They parted my raiments among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did. And sitting down they watched him there.

Pilate wrote a title, in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew and put it on the cross over his head. And the writing was, "This

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

We're writing this short letter
And every word is true.
Don't look away, Draft Dodger,
For it's addressed directly to you.

You feel at ease, in no danger,
Back in the old home town.
You cook up pitiful stories
So the Draft Board will turn you
down.

never think of real men
 day by day.
 an every day girl friend
 Soldier E. Warren, go away.
 For your kind
 word we said, Miss
 Buddies.
 A P O 85
 Shelby, Mississippi.
 H C H
 H 13 63
 H 28 48
 5.00



Beyond the clamor of these latter years,
We catch the voices that have long been stilled
Of the ancient fathers, battling their fears,
Yet trusting that the promise be fulfilled,
That "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed,"
And that they that wait upon Him will be blest.



They built their homes, they set their altars there,
They shaped their documents, they made their laws,
Petitioning the help of God in prayer,
Having in mind one high and holy cause:
Their country—that they might through God's good
grace
Make it a home-sweet, safe abiding place.



This July fourth—the flag against the sky,
The land they left us, ours to have and hold,
God grant that we, their children, keep the high
Bright torch of liberty they lit of old,
Burning beneath whatever blasts may aim
Their fury on its upward lifted flame.

WHEN the winds growl, and the gulls w
And the sun is a ball of blood
As it goes down in a western sky
And peers through the flying scud,
Then my heart prays, while the waves laug
At the words on my trembling lips,
"When the storm breaks on the sea, God,
Be kind to the fishing ships!"

WHEN the sun dies, and the dusk falls,
And the darkness comes trembling down
As billows hammer the ghostly sands
And lightnings lash at the town,
Then my heart prays, while the storm beats
At the windows and rain-drenched door
"When the dawn walks on the sea, God
Be bringing my man once more!"

JOHN PETE
Here is to the Editor of the Win-
ston County Journal
And all my old friends, and espe-
cially a pal,
To my son, John Pete,
Who makes my joy so very com-
plete.
To think of the green verdure,
trees out on the farm,
The mocking birds, cardinals, and
all quiet charm;
Such pleasant thoughts, almost
overcome me,
And when the war is over, may
quit the sea.
This old world will never be the
same,
Changed boundaries and posses-
sions are all in the game.
Life at best, is only too short,
So why dance attendance at any
foreign court?
We for Christian living, and reli-
gious freedom fight,
Against all pagan nations, who
care not what is right.
It is now almost chow time, oh
darling wife,
How I wish I could be with you,
away from this strife.
But before I close, must send love
to dear Dad,
And thank him for all the joys we
have had.
JOHN F. MYRES,
U. S. M. Hospital,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

Civilian Defense

Let's prepare to protect our town
From enemy planes that might
come 'round—
Make it all as black as night!
It's the only way we have to
fight!
We have no antiaircraft gun
To get the devils on the run.
So we will learn Civilian Defense,
We're sure we all have got the
sense
To do our part in every corps—
We'll do our duty, even more,
To protect our people as we
should—
(Who'll dare to say that isn't
good?)
Learn to rescue in a raid,
Properly transport, give First
Aid!
Learn who should be cared for
first,
Detect the ones who're injured
worst!
We will learn Civilian Defense—
Yes-sir-ree, we've got the sense!
—By Alba K. Hudson.

Meridian Girl Killed As Car Leaves Highway

Three Others Critically Hurt In Neshoba County

PHILADELPHIA, June 21.—A
17-year-old Meridian girl was kill-
ed and three other persons criti-
cally injured here early this morn-
ing when the car in which they
were riding left the highway and
smashed into an oak tree.
The fatality was Miss Martha
Furr, employe of the Davis Grill
at Meridian.
In the hospital here in a seri-
ous condition were Mrs. May
Smith of Louisville; Sam Palmer
and Oawley Hailey of Preston.
Sheriff's Deputy Clarence Gar-
rison said the accident occurred
about 4:30 Sunday morning two
miles south of here on Highway
19.
He said Hailey was driving and
the automobile was enroute Phila-
delphia to Meridian. Cause of the
wreck was not immediately
known, except that the car left
the highway.

TAKE TIME
There are many good mottoes to
adopt for this life, and the following
can be well added to them at this time:
Take time to live. That is what time
is for. Killing time is suicide.
Take time to work. It is the price
of victory.
Take time to think. It is the source
of power.
Take time to play. It is the fountain
of wisdom.
Take time to be friendly. It is the
road to happiness.
Take time to dream. It is hitching
your wagon to a star.
Take time to look around. It is too
short a day to be selfish.
Take time to laugh. It is the music
of the soul.
Take time to play with children. It
is the joy of joys.
Take time to be courteous. It is the
mark of a gentleman.

LOUISVILLE SCHOOL ENDS SESSION

The Commencement Sermon
will be delivered by Rev. W. L.
Day, pastor of the Louisville Bap-
tist church, Sunday May 10th, at
11:00 A. M. at high school audi-
torium.
The Commencement Exercises
will be held in the High School
auditorium on Monday night, May
11, at 8 P. M.
Following is the program:
Processional.
Invocation — Rev. J. J. Baird.
Salutatory — Imogene Fergu-
son.
Awarding of Medals — Mrs.
Grafton Bennett.
Piano Solo — Imogene Fulton.
Address — Rev. W. C. Newman.
Valedictory — James Martin
Ward.
Delivery of Diplomas — Dr. W.
B. Hickman.
Song.
Recessional.
Benediction — Rev. J. J. Baird.
Following are members of the
graduating class:
Boys — Truitt Addkinson, Jack
Bray, Clarence Castle, Charles
Fancher, Horton Giffin, Howard
Hathorn, Shelby Hathorn, Charles
Hight, III, James Herrington,
Bernard Hickman, Leo Johnson,
David McCully, Derrell McGaugh,
Marvin Thrailkill, James Martin
Ward, Edward Wood, Jack Wood-
ward, Thomas Yarbrough.
Girls — Doris Ball, Mary Bet-
tie Barnhill, Thelma Blain, Jew-
ell Caperton, Doris Clark, Wal-
dyne Coleman, Dorothy Dempsey,
Kathleen Dempsey, Sybil Ed-
wards, Imogene Ferguson, Jane
Files, Imogene Fulton, Naomi
Hamill, Melissa Hathorn, Camille
Holman, Bessie Sue Hull, Mary
Ellen Johnson, Ruth Langley,
Leuna Littrell, Minnie McElroy,
Lucille McGaugh, Mary E. Mc-
Graw, Margaret Moorehead, An-
nie Dori sMcWhirter, Lois Pal-
mer, Lila Maude Pearson, Mattie
Elmer Pearson, Helen Rives,
Thalis Robinson, Opal Romedy,
Agnes Russell, Marjorie Sanders,
Katheryn Springer, Jimmie Wat-
son, Lee Ella Whitmire, Tommie
Sue Woodward, Debbie Dean Wy-
lie.

What Though the Flame Won't Last—

he autumn hills are veiled in mist,
While hours drift away—
Perhaps they dream the rosy dreams
Of youth's brave yesterday.
he autumn garden is serene
In bronze and russet dressed—
Does it, too, hold the dreams of spring
Close cradled on its breast?
he autumn sky is wide with peace,
Each cloud a silver sail—
The springtime sky was blue and sweet
The clouds were slim and frail!)
he autumn breeze is murmuring
A song that's half a sigh—
It is a requiem for hope
That swiftly hurried by
But, oh, the flaming autumn trees—
What though the flame won't last?
Fling out a prayerful challenge to
The future—and the past!

THE ST
Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilights last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that Star spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in deep silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the mornings first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a
nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
—Francis Scott Key.

ask to be given credit for
Year 1941.
In Winston County for the
lected taxes on Additional
Sheriff & Tax Collector,
W. B. HOLMAN,
Board, after examining the
report of all insolvent and
rent tax payers and the
that said list is true and
It is therefore ordered
and report be approved and
amount of taxes reported
the auditor of public ac-
a list of said allowances.
of State Tax Commission
Approving Real Roll
appearing that the roll and
number of acres,
d in the same
number of acres,
d in conform-
orders of this
be approved.
Supplemental
s to be here-
approved. The
by M. C.
Commissioner.
Roll
and
W. L. Day, Pastor
Calvary Church
Wednesday:
7:30 p. m. — Worship Service
Intermediates and Juniors)
6:45 — B. T. U. (Seniors, I
11:00 a. m. — Worship Service
Joe H. McCully, Supt.
9:45 a. m. — Sunday School
Sunday:
W. L. Day, Pastor
Louisville Baptist
Church
The Churches

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Wednesday:
Calvary Church
Rev. W. L. Day, Pastor
After this, Jesus knowing that
all things were now accomplished,
that the Scriptures might be ful-
filled, saith (I thirst. Straightway
one of them ran, and took a
sponge, and filled it with vine-
gar, and put it on a reed, and
gave him to drink. The rest said,
Let be, let us see whether Elias
will come to save him. When

A Different View Of Life

We enjoyed a visit from our
old friend George Hinze, from
Hinze Postoffice in western por-
tion of our county. George is one
of that sections most outstanding
citizens, having always stood for
schools and churches and every-
thing else that was for the up-
building of his country, and has
been fairly successful. George says
he is more thankful now than he
has ever been for what little suc-
cess he has had. And here's his
reason for this extra appreciation.
His home and a dozen or more
other buildings on his farm were
laid flat on the ground by a cy-
clone in the Spring. As he looked
over his ruins, and being up in
years, he said he just about gave
up and was ready to go himself;
feeling that it was useless to try
to go further. But one day he
had an old boyhood friend, whom
he had not seen in years, to walk
up and shake hands with him.
When he looked into the face of
this old friend, he discovered that
one half of his face was eaten
away by cancer. He says his view
of life changed in an instant when
he saw how much worse off his
friend was than he. And follow-
ing that, his friends gathered in
and greatly assisted him in build-
ing another home, and now he is
comfortably situated again with a
different view of life. He says he
thinks it was a God-send that this
old friend came to see him. It
proved to him that he had nothing
to worry about compared with
this friend. Quite a lesson could
be learned from our friend
George' experience, and story.

PEARLS

If every girl
Could claim a pearl
And I had pearls in plenty
To every girl
I gave a pearl,
To mine I'd make it twenty.
For mine is twenty times as fair
And twenty times as tender.
And mine I love with all my
heart—
A sea of pearls I'd send her.
—David E. Guyton.

TEN RULES OF HEALTH

1. Eat Less and Chew More.
2. Clothe Less and Bathe More.
3. Talk Less and Think More.
4. Idle Less, Play More.
5. Go Less, Sleep More.
6. Ride Less, Walk More.
7. Waste Less, Give More.
8. Scold Less, Praise More.
9. Worry Less, Laugh More.
10. Preach Less, Practice More.

WE MUST TAKE IT

Eupora Progress: "We were impressed by a roadside scene described by Editor Harris in his West Point Daily Times-Leader. 'Yesterday,' he says, 'we saw a man sitting beside the road with his head in his hands. He was crying like a whipped child — and all because one of his automobile tires blew out.' There's going to be a lot more of this kind of thing during coming months. The war is coming to every man's door. The old sergeant's succinct advice— "A Good Soldier Always Laughs" — is pretty good philosophy for us all and Frank L. Stanton's admonition to keep a-going is not bad stuff in such times:

If you strike a thorn or rose,

Keep a-go'in'!

If it rains or if it snows,

Keep a-go'in'!

'Tain't no use to sit and whine

When the fish ain't on your line;

Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'—

Keep a-go'in'!

When the weather kills your crop,

Keep a-go'in'!

Though 'tis work to reach the top,

Keep a-go'in'!

'Spose you're out of every dime,

Gittin' broke ain't any crime,

Tell the world you're feelin' prime—

Keep a-go'in'!

When it looks like all is up,

Keep a-go'in'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,

See the wild birds on the wing,

Hear the bells that sweetly ring,

When you feel like singin', sing—

Keep a-go'in'!

Question

The New Year smiles a winsome smile
And waves a hand in greeting,
And with a thrill of joy I know
It is a friend I'm meeting.

I know that we will journey far,
This year and I together—
That we will share glad sunny days
As well as stormy weather.

The New Year hurries to my side,
His lips are brave with laughter—
This is a year that I will prize
No matter what comes after!

He suits his step to fit my own,
He seeks, I know, to cheer me—
The New Year is a friend indeed,
For twelve months he'll be near me!

Some day another year will pause
Where criss-crossed roads are winding—
But will I know, as I know now,
It is a friend I'm finding?

Found in a Soldier's Journal

Surrounded by a dark skinned race,
She stood out like the Keeper's light;
That plays upon the ocean's face,
For ships lost in a stormy night.

In mute appeal I touched her arm,
And when I praised her soft, brown hair
She turned on me with such a charm,
That might make angels envy her.

We drank; she, lightly from the wine
Curved in her finger's slender grace;
While I, looking o'er the rim of mine,
Drank not of it—but from her face.

She left me in that same respect,
So like the Lighthouse Keeper's beam;
That flashes on the floundering deck,
And lights the dying skipper's dream.

He's Censored

The following from one of the soldiers stationed in Hawaii, is typical of army censorship and, of course, is necessary for the proper protection of our armed forces:

"Dear Folks: I'm censored,
Can't write a thing,
Just that I'm well
And sign my name.
Can't tell when it's sunny,
Can't tell when it rains;
All military secrets
Must secrets remain.
Don't know where I'm going,
Don't know where I'll land,
Couldn't inform you
If met by band.
Can't tell where we sailed from
Can't mention the date,
And can't even remember
The meals that I've ate
Can't keep a diary,
For such is a sin,
Can't keep the envelopes
Your letter came in.
Can't keep a flashlight,
To guide me at night,
Can't smoke a cigaret
Except out of sight.
Don't know for sure
As to what I can do,
Except sign this envelope
And mail it to you."

Can we see the sons of England
Fight the battle for the world?
When death bombs of all description
From the skies on them are hurled?
As Americans we'll never
See them kneel to Satan's host
While we're able to supply them
With the things they need the most.
Give them money, if they need it
Give them planes, and ships, and guns.
Give them food and ammunition.
Give them all, except our sons!
They will conquer if we help them,
Conquer Satan in the end.
We are praying God will help them,
And we're sure He is their friend.
Let this be our friendly motto—
Help a friend who is in need,
Let us be just like our Saviour,
Helping friends is Jesus' creed.
"Greater love" saith He "hath no man"
From beginning to the end
Than lay down the life He gave us
For to help our greatest friend.
All for England, Dear old England,
Down with men who rule by might
We should help them, God will bless them,
For their cause is just and right.

SPOILS OF WAR

How gaunt and bleak the crowded crosses stand
Across the plain and farther up the hill
Where shattered trees survey a ruined land,
And weary, mangled bodies there lie still.

The clouds of war have hardly left the field,
And smoke of battle seems again to rise;
No terms of longed-for peace have ever healed
The mother's heart that aches for him who lies

Torn and battered, huddled on the ground,
With twisted limbs and bullet-riddled chest,
A gory head, pale lips that make no sound:
The bitter end has come, he is at rest.

They say a war comes every twenty years,
To save the world—that mothers may shed tears.

Radio Lid

Dit Dit Dit Dah, Dit Dit Dit Dah,
Ringing in my ears,
I know I've added to my life,
At least a dozen years,
My hair is gray, My eyes are dim,
My nerves are all a-shatter,
It won't be long before my talk
Is all a silly chatter.

So if I come back home to you
Bug-nutty as the rest,
You'll know those Benning Radio Bird
Have found a place to nest.

American Christmas Eve

By GRACE MEREDITH

Snow came today, and with moist, agile fingers,
Turned everything in sight to drifting white,
And on the windowpane the frost now lingers,
While north winds hum—it will be cold tonight.
The world, responsive to its lovely wrapping,
Pictures a radiance 'most everywhere—
Inside before the fire, the collicie, napping,
Delights in warmth that dries his snow-kissed hair.
It will be cold tonight—yet with this evening,
Loved ones are coming home, and high hope sings
With gratitude, and joy in the receiving
Full Christmas blessings with our homey things.

Fort Riley

In the center of the good old U. S. A.
Where horses reign supreme.
Where winter is cold and summer hot.
You'll find a Cavalryman's golden dream.

There are thousands of acres of rolling
Plains.
Rivers and rimrock, prairie grass and trees.
You can ride for hours over scenery un-
surpassed.
Riding wherever you fancy and just as you
please.

It's wonderful in winter, beautiful in spring.
It's my home for as long as I stay.
So I'll be riding horses for the next thirty
years.

At Riley in the U. S. A.
—Corporal M. O. Blankenship,
Troop E, 2nd Cavalry,
Fort Riley, Kansas

STORMY NIGHT

Black is the night and the waters are flaying
The sands with their foam,
While I am holding our laddie and praying,
"God, bring my man home!"
But, while the light in the window is gleaming,
The winds from the sea
Beat on the house with their devilish screaming
And mocking of me.

There is no peace, though the tea-kettle's humming
Is filling the room,
While on the glass the white sleet with its drumming
Is bringing me gloom,
For, when our lad in his cradle is sleeping,
I peer from the door,
And, my heart breaking, I see the waves heaping
A ship on the shore.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

A Telegram of 1918

It seems but yesterday you came,
To fill our hearts with joy,
When we received a telegram,
"Congratulations on the Soldier boy."

Those times that were taking sons,
Of the age that you are now,
Across the seas away from their homes
To settle a foreign row.
We never dreamed, your Dad and I,
That you would one day be,

Old Trinity

Here in the busy city's crowded marts
Where Midas drives men in their golden
quest,

This ancient church its quietude imparts—
Its peace bestows on burdens and unrest.

Outside—the noise of traffic and the din
Of daily life exact their cruel toll.
You, of the heavy laden hearts, come in
Where spirit broods, and rest your weary
soul!

—Mazie V. Caruthers

MARCH PLOWING

By Janie Smith Rhyne

Across a dawn of palest violet
The plowman strides in virile
silhouette,
Plows deep his furrow; and
everywhere
A smell of rootiness pervades
the air—
A promise, earthy-sweet, from
mellow soil—
Reheartening every man who
wakes to toil.

Are You?

Are you just a private who don't give a
damn
Or, are just a good soldier who does
what he can,
To help his buddies when things get kind
of tough
Or, are you the kind that don't have the
stuff?

Do you go see your buddie when he is ail-
ing
Or, do you say he is just failing
To do his work or just a little bit
That he is hand-shaking and wants to
gold-brick.

Don't go around bragging of being always
right
Because you will be shown that you're
not so bright.
That in your everyday drills and such,
They can prove you don't know so much.

Come on soldier and do your part
Do your work with all your heart.
Be your buddy's one and only friend
You will never regret it, in the end.

To Save Democracy

(To tune of "The Old Gray Mare")
Tell Uncle Sam I'll march with the
Infantry,
Ride with the Cavalry, Shoot with the
Artillery,
Tell Uncle Sam I'll fly over Germany
To save De-moc-ra-cy.
To save De-moc-ra-cy, To save De-moc-
ra-cy.
Tell Uncle Sam I'll fly over Germany
To save De-moc-ra-cy.

Tell Uncle Sam that I'll defend America,
Like an American, a loyal American,
Tell Uncle Sam I'll even shoot Hitler
To save De-moc-ra-cy.
To save De-moc-ra-cy, To save De-moc-
ra-cy.
Tell Uncle Sam I'll even shoot Hitler
To save De-moc-ra-cy.

Tell Uncle Sam that, what'er the weather,
We'll serve together, in khaki and leather.
Tell Uncle Sam he may count on his Army
To save De-moc-ra-cy.
To save De-moc-ra-cy, To save De-moc-
ra-cy.
Tell Uncle Sam he may count on his
Army
To save De-moc-ra-cy.

Spell O' the Sea

It's rather hard to explain
just what happens to me
When I view a trim ship
putting slowly out to Sea,
With booms, gear, and rigging
All lashed securely in place,
One more trip behind her
One more voyage to face,
It may be Shanghai or far away
Bombay.
With smells, coolies' and rickshas'
on the road to Mandalay.

But wherever she may be heading—
Bore all sprayed with foam
My heart is sailing with her,
Again I'd like to roam.
—Pvt. Jack Frost, 60th Sig. Co.,
Ft. George Wright.

The Soldier Pays

Says John Citizen "What can I get,"
Out of this Army increase?

I'm entitled to something
If at war or at peace.

Ah Ha! I know
We can have an airport built
Near our town
It's nice when at war to have Soldiers
around.
Oh truly this Army is heavenly sent
We can raise our rents not much you know,
but at least a 20 per cent.

When things are again normal
And we have nothing to fear
Well fellows what do you say
We can still make the Soldier pay and pay.

For when we are again in a rut
We'll just give the Soldiers another 15
per cent cut.



HOW THE New War Conservation Order AFFECTS TELEPHONE SERVICE

To conserve vital war materials, the War Production Board has limited replacements or additions to existing telephone plant equipment.

As a result, some types of equipment and services normally provided by the telephone company will not be available to civilians as heretofore.

The order is expected to save many thousands of tons of vitally needed rubber, copper, zinc, lead, iron, steel and other scarce metals. Southern Bell is complying with the

My Letter

... OF THE MONTH

ONE of my readers had a favorite article that appeared in *Christian Herald* in 1933. On the same day every year she and her mother read it together, but this year the daughter read it aloud—to an empty chair. She writes:

"Mother was taken away in March—fifteen minutes before the first day of spring. Flowers fed her very soul, but she was so terribly sick that she was never able to raise them, and have the garden she longed for.

"Today, as I stood looking at the frozen bud of a lilac, a bush that never bloomed—a flower she starved for—this verse came to me:

"Do the lilacs bloom in heaven?
Are there roses everywhere?
Will my mother have some iris
And some daffodils up there?"

"Does a garden spot await her
In a sheltered, sunny nook—
Shrubs and trees and sturdy seedlings
By a busy little brook?"

"As I go to church at Easter,
By the lilies on her tomb
I shall pray her crown's a garden—
Where the lilacs always bloom.

"I called it 'Lilacs For Mother.' I am not a poet, but it helps my lonely heart to think Christ needed a gardener and so he chose her."

A Friend

TRoubles—\$5 PRIZE

To win a prize is my chief delight,
I'd work all day and perhaps all night,

Because if I win, a new gun I'll get,
A-hunting I go, with my friends Dick and Chet.

We would seek out the haunts of our friend,
brer rabbit,
We'd hunt so often 'twould soon be a habit.

Now all this sounds well, but sad to relate,
We can't go hunting, till we learn of our fate,

So now, I pray, don't forget that I'm small,
and that I won't be too until way past fall.

REFLECTIONS From the French of Leconie de Lisle

These thoughts on the indifference of nature were roused when the poet found a corpse in a lovely and peaceful ravine in Saint-Giles.

I dreamed of woods, beneath their fragrant shadow,
Effusing a concert that nothing can exhaust,
Without listening to me, deluding in their indifferent glory,
Unaware that one suffers and that one can die.

The limpid spring, in its native splendor
Always reflected the heavens, slit with flame,
And on this sad face no plaintive breath
Of waves laughing and pure came to ripple the surface.

Midst white water lilies, a bird folding his wings,
Drank with rosy beak from this charming basin,
And, sparkling with reflections from the pool (unmindful of the dead)
Fluttered to dry its plumage in the warm sky.

Nature laughs at human sufferings;
Ever contemplating her own grandeur,
She dispenses to all her majestic forces
And keeps for her part, calmness and splendor.

by Henry Miller, '41
from Furman University's ECHO

Chow Hound

Private Denny Botts weighed three hundred in his socks,
And was the outfit's only heavy eater,
For, if gas were only food, you could feed him with a tube
And disregard the use of any meter.

His capacity was great and the amount of food he ate
Would supply a squad of soldiers any time.
When the dinner bell would sound, up and at it he would bound,
And he'd always be the first one in the line.

He would pile upon his tray food enough to last a day
And finish it in just a single sitting,
He would eat and eat and eat, until the bugle called "Retreat"
And never would the thought occur of quitting.

Finally Mess Attendants there would disengage him from the chair
And remove his big bay window from the table.
While regretfully he'd rise from his chicken and his pies,
He would snatch another bite while he was able.

Then, after leaving mess, he would take a minute's rest,
And take his hat and coat and go away,
He would labor all the way to the nearby Post Cafe,
And continue eating 'till the close of day.

So he kept this up with pride, up until the day he died
Engaged in clearing up his daily ration,
Tears dripped down the doctor's face, as he diagnosed the case:
"Anemia, Lordosis, and starvation."
—Don D'Acosta, 55th School Squadron, Barksdale Field.

Susan A-Bed

Always those two blank fields, and flatness on beyond.
And always the sky so gray, so dull with clouds.

Sometimes I ask them, "Isn't there some blue just showing in the west?"

But always I know. It is all gray—all gray.

If only they would stand a flag-pole in between the fields—

Or a tree. A tree would help.

A little tree to lean upon the wind...
Oh, if I had a knife to gash that field
Until it spurted crimson through the snow.

I'd like to see it bleed awhile...
I think I'll speak to John about the flag-pole

Tonight when he comes in—
Or perhaps a little tree. A tree would help.

Thanksgiving

I hold within my hand this golden cup
Brimful of Life's elixir grandly poured
From out these furrowed fields from each sun-up
Until the stars came out to be adored.
The colors in this chalice were conceived
In alchemy of toil and alpen-glow;
It smells of scintillating scents retrieved
From morning dew where nighttime fairies go.

I kiss this cup with lips of grateful praise
And tilt it as to drink the final drop,
But something stays the quaff; behold the ways
Of those who know not even aftercrop.
I pour it out to God and humbly say,
"Just give me only what I need today."

Ruby Dell Baugher

Out of Time

Where, where is the path your small feet seek
Like some dark Jewess, lost in an alien land?
Your gloomy golden eyes portray the weak
Whose strength is such we do not comprehend.

Too soon, too soon the phantoms petrify.
The green that shaded ancients whiten to snow.
O, let me love you, lonely in time, in sky,
Who should have wept a thousand years ago.

Oh For the Life of a Bugler!

ATTENTION! Listen my buddies, and you will hear,
Some of the thoughts of this bugle'er.
First-Call for Reveille, I'm going to blow,
If you don't wake up, your a so and so!
You slept through Reveille, for sleep you did yearn,
Roll-Call was missed, K. P. you earn.
Mess-Call is sweet, and seldom is missed,
Drill and Fatigue Calls mostly are hissed.
Sick-Call is heard, by all those at toil,
And some hope that "Gold-bricks," get Castor Oil.

Recall is a tune that brings you to rest;
While Retreat is saluted, Pay-day is blest.
When Show-Call is played, the ambitious turn out,
While Fire or Alert Call, puts the remainder to rout.
When Tattoo I sound, despairing moans do I hear,
'Cause the Bar-room closes, and sells no more beer.
Call-to-Quarters I play and light sleepers awake,
Men "tip-toe" in, (like a train of freight)
These spine-chilling notes, that I'm playing you hear,
Is Taps, the one call, that Soldiers hold dear.
My Echo-Taps, with its clear, beautiful notes,

To old-soldiers it brings a lump in their throat.
It makes them think, although they don't want to.
Of dead fellow Soldiers, and the wars they went through.
Then they think of me, and my bugle calls,
They wish all buglers, were against a wall.
They would shoot us down with machine-gun fire,
Yet the Army a phonograph bugler would hire.
So boys have a heart, give us buglers a break,
We too, are soldiers, and don't belong in a crate.
You know, I'll bet that deep down inside,
Although you squawk for the bugler's hide,
You wish you could play, like most buglers do,

But knowing you can't, makes you angry and blue.
—Pfc. Alexander Rose, Btry. "B," 1st C.A.C., Fort Sherman, Canal Zone.

In Memory of My Darling Brother JAMES AUSTIN (CHICK) McCOOL

Our home is so sad and lonely since you left us,
The home that was so happy bright,
Is never the same since we lost you
For you were its sunshine and light.
The grief for your loss is not fading,
It is still in our hearts day by day.
We miss you Brother, will miss you for ever,
Til Jesus to you leads the way.

Days of sadness still come o'er us
Tears in silence often flow,
Memory keeps us ever near you
Though you passed on one year ago.
The flowers we placed on your grave may wither and decay,
But the love we have for you
Brother dear, who sleeps beneath
Will never, never fade away.
One who loved him dearly,
SISTER.

VALENTINE TO A WIFE

By Claude Gibson Cate

I shall not send you Cupid's autograph
On crimson heart ensnared in paper lace,
For you have had reality too long
To be impressed by such an empty grace.

I cannot give you jewels, cloth-of-gold,
Nor trinkets made of ivory and jade;
Candy and books are commonplace, and hose
Get stupid, ugly runs, and perfumes fade.

And so I send to you this hardy vine
Called constancy. It thrives in any weather,
Its bloom is lasting, and its tendrils bind
The lives of those who tend it close together.

RESOLVE

By Grace Noll Crowell

My house seems cluttered and drab and dark,
There is not a place I can take my ease,
And now quite suddenly I recall
A thing I have read of the Japanese:

They clean their rooms, and they keep their floors
Beautifully clean, and to their heart
If one flower glows in a crystal vase,
That is elegance, that is art.
I am going to do as they do,
today,
And put every useless thing away!

Not Vowell Correspondent

It comes to the paper that some people have intimated that Miss Earlyne Wood was the Journal's Vowell correspondent some months ago when a certain false article appeared in the Journal. Miss Earlyne has proven to the paper that she was not the one who wrote the article, and we are glad to make this statement. By an unintentional oversight in the office, this notice has been delayed several weeks, which we regret.

A CERTAIN SAMARITAN

A man went down from Jerusalem
On an old road long ago,
Blithely he walked that far-off day,
Going to Jericho.
But thieves lay waiting who stripped him bare,
Wounding him, leaving him lying there.

A priest came mumbling through his beard
Pious prayers, as the hurt one cried
Pleading for help, and seeing his plight,
Passed by on the other side.
A Levite, also, after one look,
Departed, conning his holy book.

But "a certain Samaritan," going that way
Had compassion, and kneeling down,
He bound his wounds, and he slaked his thirst,
And he carried him into the town.
"Which was the neighbor?"—which of these?
The question rings down the centuries.

"A certain Samaritan," name unknown,
Lives still because of a kindness shown.

Grace Noll Crowell

To My Husband

By Mrs. Perry Farish,
Gaffney, S. C.

He is a soldier of Uncle Sam,
I know he's brave and true,
To Perry Farish, my husband,
dear,
I'll send this poem to you.

The month of August, the 42nd
year,
You went to Columbia, South
Carolina.
I'll never forget that 5th day,
You said good-bye to me.

When you said good bye, I tried
to have
A heart brave and true.
I wanted to say when you left
me,
I was a soldier just like you.

Although I failed, my eyes gave
away,
And the tears began to flow;
But I know deep down within
my heart,
I had to let you go.

Even though my heart is broken
While the nights are lonely and
blue,
I send up prayers of thankful-
ness,
That I still hear from you.

For there are little children,
And wives so brave and true,
Who never can receive a card,
From fathers and husbands, too.

As all the days grow lonely,
So dreary, long and sad,
I'll put in one good word to you
The best "Sweetheart" I've ever
had.

Once more "my little darling,"
I'll have to say good-bye,
I'm going to be a soldier brave,
And try hard not to cry.

Don't forget to write, dear,
Be thankful to the One above,
And in this little poem, dear,
I'll close with all my love.

That Letter From Home

When the golden sun is setting
And a soldier sits alone,
It's a mighty lonesome feeling
If he hasn't had a letter from
home.

His days are long and spent with
work
And pleasures are rarely known,
Still he fights for you and your
family
And he wants but a letter from
home.

His thoughts are of mother, sister
and brother
And his dad, who in '18 did roam,
As he lays on his cot, it's as likely
as not
That he longs for a letter from
home.

Perhaps he is dreaming of the
sweet kid next door,
Wondering how much she has
grown.
Perhaps he is blue—even thinking
of you,
Or that long-delayed letter from
home.

So let's make a pledge, ere the
sun sets tonight,
Before many more hours have
flown,
That each boy gone away will at
last proudly say,
"Gee — I just got a letter from
home!"

Pfc. LUCIAN D. MILES,
34134441,
Co. K, 182nd Inf. APO 708,
C/Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

To My Guiding Angel

Yes: Angels guide us on the field of battle
And from us the burning steel they do
deflect.

Yet all around, my comrades deathly rattle
When heard in low and painful sound,
one can detect

A note of sadness, yet go they must, they'll
not prevail

Upon the earth so scarred and torn but
go to glory.

For there, their angel waits, beyond the
misty veil

To guide them from the path of all
that's cruel and gory.

Yet I must wait and dread the day that I
shall go

Silent Night . . . Holy Night . . .

By SERGEANT WILBERT H. CLARK

A HOWLING RAIN swept down from
the blackened skies. Tents flapped in
the nearly deserted army post. Two sol-
diers stood together for a few minutes
hunched-up in overcoats. Occasionally one
of them would lift a boot-clad foot out of
sticky mud or clap mittened hands together.

"God, this is a wretched night to stand
guard," the first soldier said to the other.
The second soldier stood silent a moment.
"Yes, Christmas Eve. It would be difficult
to imagine the Christ child being born on
a night like this."

"It must have been quiet and calm that
night. I can see the stars peeping brightly
out of a soft, dark blanket. All nature
must have stood in hushed silence."

The second soldier nodded. "No good
could come of a black complaining night
like this." He shouldered his rifle. "I'm
getting out of this for a while. The post is
all yours."

He hastened to the guard tent, pushed
aside the flap of the low tent, and entered,
accompanied by a driving sheet of rain.
He slammed open the door of the small
stove. "Let the god damn fire go out!"
he grumbled. He laid down his rifle and
folded up on his cot.

Christmas Eve. He curled one corner of
his mouth. "I'd like to know where Christ
is tonight," he said aloud.

"Oh, say," a voice came from beneath
blankets on a bed, "there's a letter for you
on your bunk."

"There is? Loan me your flashlight."

"Dear Bob," it read, "Christmas Eve, just
as every day, we shall be thinking of you
and wishing that you were here. We are
all looking forward to Christmas. Even
Marjorie is talking about Santa Claus. . . ."

His eyes dimmed. He knew the truth
now. *Christ is born wherever there is love.*

THE END

I am vitamin D.
If you don't want to get the
rickets,

You must eat me every day.
I am very important, so get me
without delay.
(I'm in butter, cream, liver and
egg yolk).

I'm another vitamin.
People call me E.
I'm a healthy, husky chap,
I believe you will agree.
(I'm king in eggs, milk, lean
meats, whole grains and
vegetables).

I am vitamin G.
I drive pellegra germs away.
And give you a good complexion;
So eat me every day,
And do not ask a question.
(Liver, kidney, greens, milk and
cheese are rich with me).

ALL

We are happy, nealthy children,
Our cheeks are rosy red.
We eat a balanced diet
Just like the nutritionist said.

THE VITAMIN FAMILY

I am vitamin A.
I drive cold germs away;
Make you grow big and strong,
So eat me every day.
(I'm found in all in all green and
yellow foods and liver).

I am vitamin B.
I give you a huge appetite
And drive indigestion away.
In cereals and leafy vegetables I
am found, so they say.
whole wheat flour and
(I enrich lean meats, peanuts,
fish, too.)

I am vitamin C.
I make good teeth.
Like a lion big and strong,
You'll find me in the sunshine;
So seek me much and long.
(I'm found also in tomatoes, lem-
ons, oranges, garpefruit,
and raw cabbage, lettuce,
and other green vegetables).

"Lines"

I've spent one year on this Island,
Just one year that seems like nine.
Six months working for my Uncle,
Six months standing in a line.

Once my shoes were number
sevens,
Now I wear a number nine.
Corns, bunions, fallen arches,
Caused from standing in a line.

Lining up to get my breakfast,
Lining up to get my mail,
Once I lined up for some whiskey,
Lined up then and went to jail.

Lined up next and heard my
sentence,
Then the judge assessed my fine.
I asked him where I go to pay it,
He said: "Over in that line."
BUDDY TISDELL,
1141 Beretona St, Honolulu, T. H.

To Betty, and a Coffee Rose

I soon forget gold hair-combs
And jewels fine ladies wear,
But not the Rose of Coffee
Pinned in Betty's hair.

Gleaming white petals nestling
Fast in a green leafed-mold;
Swaying over a province
Of brown and hidden gold.

Gem of immortal beauty,
Long will your presence beam
Like some bright star in Heaven—
Haunting a soldier's dream.

Negro Woman Living In Grave

Meridian, May 4. — A negro
woman, found making her home
in an empty tomb in one of the
city's most fashionable white
cemeteries, was jailed today by
county officers.

The woman, identified by offi-
cers as Hurlie Merritt, 40, had
been sleeping and eating in the
vault, made vacant when a body
was moved to another cemetery.
She washed and hung out her
clothes among the graves regular-
ly, authorities said.

The McLemore cemetery, where
she was arrested, is the oldest in
Meridian and the founders of the
city, among the most prominent
families, are buried there.

I Thank Thee

I thank Thee, God, for gifts so free
Unmerited bestowed on me,
Though men not knowing call me poor.
These are the gifts I thank Thee for:
A mother's love while in my youth,
A father's honesty and truth,
A faith in Thee whate'er befall,
A trust that seeth good in all,
A hope as long as there is breath,
A life that endeth not with death,
A Friend sincere bound fast by love,
A God of mercy up above;
No man on earth could call me poor
And know the gifts I thank Thee for.

A FRANK DECLARATION

Los Angeles: Someone has said
that, because you crusade ardently
against aping the English manner
of speech, you are anti-British. I
say it is absurd. What do you say?
—H. K.

Anti-British?
No, friend, not I.
My country and England
Have united in a common
cause . . .

Fighting to destroy
The evil, dreadful thing
That seeks to enfold us
In an embrace macabre.
But should this mean
That we are any less American?
That we should pattern ourselves
After foreign ways and manners?

Not all good things are labeled
"Made in England."
I had rather be
A plain American mister
Than any lord or earl or duke
Who ever wore an old-school tie.
I had rather be encompassed
By the good walls
Of my American home
Than dwell in the dankness
Of the oldest English castle
Upon whose moldy stones
Ivy ever grew.

Yes, I am proud to speak
The speech that Webster loved.
Webster, who said
"Thank God! I . . . I also
Am an American!"
I should hate to use
A foreign way of speech
That might lead others
To believe that I
Am of any other race.

I hold this thought
Above all others:
Today is a good day
For all of us to keep on being
What the Lord made us. . .
And to speak AMERICAN,
Think American,
"And ACT American."
(Released by The Bell
Syndicate, Inc.)

A Fable for Copy-Cats

A ribbon bow,
A roll and a curl,
That is the hair
Of the modern girl.
Her lips are shaped
As they ought to be,
And not as they were
Originally.

Her cheeks are pink
As a rose in June,
Her eyebrows look
Like a brand-new moon,
Her dresses are cut
Like this or that
So she won't look too skinny
And not too fat.

Now the outcome of all
This fuss and bother
Is this: they all look
Just like one another,
Just like new pennies
Fresh from the mints,
Or an epidemic
Of Dionne quint.

The last girl I expected
To catch the fad
Has the ditto-girl craze
Just as bad as bad,
And I think things are going
From bad to worse.
Who is that girl?
Why, it's me, of course.

Rookie's Lament

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you can't sweat out a rating
Where's the fun in all the waiting
For the orders to come through
That will give a stripe to you
And keep the army game a-percolating?

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you cannot bum a dollar
'Cause of stars upon your collar
Then the fun of being broke
Really isn't any joke
And there ain't no use to beef or gripe or
holler.

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you eat steak every day
Drink champagne and Pousse Caffé
Where's the joy of wondering how
You can miss a mess of chow
And eat a home cooked meal before you're
gray?

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you sign your autograph
As an Army Chief of Staff
There ain't no rating higher
Just a wheelchair and retire
And a lonesome life ahead without a laugh.

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!
—G. I. Brown, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

Four Paradoxes in February Twilight

The Atlantic, half lost in the Hudson,
Hits a hip to the docks with a shiver.
The Atlantic is partly a vessel,
And the Hudson is mostly a river.

The hull sucks the blue wine about it
With a thirst that is salt-parched and
frantic,
And probably came of the sipping
Of too much of acid Atlantic.

It came for a drink at the dockpumps.
And the watchers may readily wonder
If the yellow-eyed fish from the sea-
strip
Isn't making a terrible blunder

In coming to land for its water.
It's like going to water for land
But I might say the watchers are sea-
gulls,
And the gulls wouldn't dare under-
stand

That man's deeps could be more than a
river's.
Knowing man, they would know him
still able
To thirst in a river of water;
Or hunger with bread on the table.

Eugene Rattner

Th

The dusty smell; the cobwebs of the
place
Were reflected in the miller's shining
face.
His hands were white with chaff, and
always hung
As though some task had stopped him
as he wrung
Them on his sack-cloth smock. The
crows feet
At his eyes were finely caked. Where
eyebrows meet
A fine blown snow had drifted high.
The floor,
As smooth as ecru chintz: the engine's
roar,
That throbs and thrills: these belts,
were all a part
Of him. . . . As he moved about his
work, his heart
Went out: worn hands caressed worn
wood. His nose was thin
As though the years of dust had
pinched it in.
Loud men came laughing, but they
found
Him silent. . . . He said he could not
hear above the sound
Of grinding . . . smiled and shuffled on
again
To run gnarled hands through golden
grain.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GARDENING

The following Ten Command-
ments of Gardening were submit-
ted by C. H. Burton, Negro Coun-
ty agent, Washington County:
To the loyal and diligent minis-
ters of Washington County,
Mississippi:

The health of a race or nation
depends on the health of its peo-
ple, and the health of an individ-
ual depends to a large extent up-
on what he eats. As a means of
helping safeguard the health of
your community, and contributing
to the national defense, I submit
ten commandments of gardening,
and hope you preach on one at a
time of these for the next ten
Sundays.

THE BLESSING: Wherefore ye
shall do my statutes, and keep my
judgments and do them and ye
shall dwell in the land of safety.
The land shall yield her fruit and
ye shall eat your fill and dwell
therein in safety. Lev. 25: 13-19.

1. Plant a Home Garden.
"Behold a man went forth to
sow." Matt. 13:3-9.

2. Provide for the family Food
Supply.

"But if any provide not for his
own and specially for those of his
own house he hath denied the
faith and is worse than an infi-
del." Tim. 5:8.

3. Preserve.

"Go to the ant, thy sluggard;
consider her ways and be wise . .
provideth her meat in the sum-
mer, and gathereth her food in
the harvest." Prov. 6:6-8.

4. Seek valuable information.

"Therefore whosoever heareth
these sayings of mine, and doeth
them I will liken him unto a wise
man." Matt. 7: 24-27.

5. Provide Plenty.

"And his substances also were
seven thousand sheep . . ." Job
1:3.

6. Increase your Income.

"Cast thy bread upon the wat-
er; for thou shalt find it after
many days." Ec. 11:1.

7. Sell your Surplus.

" . . . And Joseph opened store-
houses and sold to the Egyptians
 . . . and all the Countries came
into Egypt to Joseph for to buy
a corn." Gen. 41: 56-57.

8. Sow Good Seed.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is
like to a grain of mustard seed
which a man took and sowed in
his field." Matt. 13:31-32.

9. Cultivate your Crops.

"He that tilleth land shall have
plenty of bread." Prov. 28:19.

10. Waste Nothing.

"And they did all eat and were
filled: and they took up of the
fragments that remained twelve
baskets full." Matt. 14:20.

All Asia's skies our field of blue
we'll raise those noble bars,
Our airplanes will blaze the
stripes among those brilliant
stars.
Our Navies proud shall rule the
Wave, our troops victorious
stand
And guarantee the Freedoms

DAYDREAMING

By Carmen Malone

I chew a blade of grass and watch
The tortoise clouds crawl in the sky;
I sniff the breeze and think of all
The things I shall do by and by.

I disapprove of lazy folk,
And yet in summer it is fun
To daydream for a little while,
Flat on my back out in the sun.

PETITION

This, dear, is all I ask of you:

Be not too steadfast—yet be true,
Keep me your own, but yours to woo,
And never count me wholly won.

And this: Indulge my craven pride,
And if you find your love has died,
Go then, before your lips have lied . .
I, too, shall know when love is done.

To the Rejected Soldier

Don't feel so bad—Soldier
Don't let it make you blue
Though you've been rejected
There's another job for you!

Your country knows you've tried your best
To serve her good and true
Don't feel so bad—Soldier
There's another job for you!

All victories aren't in combat
Civilians win wars too
You don't need a uniform
To protect the red, white, and blue.

So—you're now a civilian—Soldier
And we've a job to do
Keep America first!
That's the job for me and you.

—Cpl. George Becwar, Hd. Co., 131st Inf.,
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

DREAM

times I dream of you at night
sleep has closed my eyes,
All the silver stars have fled
the empty skies.

half a hundred newer dreams
arm the night away,
do you trespass in the dark
never come by day?

with a score of other loves,
y odd it seems
should hear your laughter still
my smallest dreams.

righter eyes and softer lips
taught me to forget;
laughter scented summer days,
star hung nights, and yet—

all the weary stars have fled
the empty sky,
etmes dream of you again
waking, wonder why.

Ode to a Bugler

the Bugler lives a lovely life,
gh he fills our days with storm and
trife,
ootles at noon—he tootles at nine,
ootles, in fact, most any old time!

A call for the sleepy—a call for the sick,
A call for the Captain and First Top Kick,
A call for the Guard when it's six o'clock
Buck privates shoulder their rifles and walk!

A tootle for taps and a tootle for lunch,
But Trainees, here's a heaven-sent hunch,
When Gabriel sounds his final retreat
The Bugler won't be in the driver's seat!

—G. I. Brown,
Schofield Barracks, T. H.

Me and My Selectee

A gallant, handsome man is he
Who four months ago was taken from me.
And now for Uncle Sam, you see,
He's training to help preserve our liberty.

Somehow it doesn't seem quite fair,
We were such a happy pair,
But some day we shall heal the tear
Of the sorrow we have had to bear.

The sunny days, the starlit nights,
The moon, the trees and shining lights,
To me were thrilling wonder sights,
No more my heart seeks these delights.

Oh, Darling lover, sweetheart mine,
Will you be my Valentine?
Now what nonsense can this be?
Valentine's Day is in February.

You see what his love has done to me
It's changed my whole sense of stability.
Brothers, sisters, Uncle Sam,
Send him home . . . I need this man.

Dice

My advice—
Those who entice
To play dice
Think twice,
Maybe thrice
In making a sacrifice.

You'll pay the price
And lose a slice
Won't be in paradise
When you play that device.
Soldier, be nice—
Don't shoot dice.

I DO NOT COVET

I do not covet the moonlight's beauty
For lilies glow to make it pale;
They steal away the starlight's duty,
For gentle flowers are not frail.

I do not covet the strength of men:
I pray for faith that will not fail,
Nor under heavy burdens bend
For earnest prayers are not frail.

FOR AN AMERICAN CHILD

By Essie M. Carmichael

This is the heritage
We leave to you:
Tall grasses asleep
In beds of dew;
The wondering silence
Of land, new-cleared,
Lonely for leafy
Shade and birds;
Wind that slips
Through the tall canebrake,
Blue shadows adream
Upon a lake;
The distant flight
Of one lone crow,
And storm clouds flying,
Sullen, low;
Pearl lace that hangs
Where spiders swung,
And a listening heart
For songs unsung.

WE LIVE AT HOME

We live at home at our house,
So pardon this profession,
We snap our fingers in the face
Of times of deep depression.

We do not owe a single cent.
We've saved a little money:
We paid our taxes on the dot,
With cash from milk and honey.

Our pantry shelves are loaded
down
With good things for the win-
ter
Our garden is a paradise
For anyone to enter.

Our orchard trees are sweet
with fruits,
We have potato patches,
Our vineyard is a thing of joy,
Our melon acre matches.

Our poultry-yard is fresh and
clean
And full to overflowing.
Our flower garden, too is fair
With blossoms ever blowing.

Our barns are filled with every-
thing
That's good for food and feed-
ing,
pigs,
Our rhorses, mules and cows and
The best the times are breeding.

Alone.
Sat a Our house is freshly painted
gr white,
The And everything about it
is looking like we want it to,
Buck And don't you ever doubt it.

The Our corn and cotton in the fields
Were never any better.
Had The Lord has been so good to us,
a He's made us all His debtor.

The We live at home at our house,
Fron So pardon this profession,
t We snap our fingers in the face
Of times of deep depression.

Aris If every farmer in the land
t Will work in place of whining,
Serg We'll turn the old cloud wrong
side out
I rec And find the silver lining.

The Let every tiller live at home,
And For once obey a poet.
Depression then may sweet the
land,

We He'll never even know it.
He DAVID E. GUYTON,
Blue Mountain, Miss.
—Corporal Samuel R. Hall,
Company "G", 15th Infantry,
Fort Lewis, Wash.

There Are Still A Few Free Flags Left Flying

In the Arts and Industries building of the National Museum at Washington, on the western wall, hangs the United States flag which, in 1814, waved defiance to the British on Fort McHenry, and which inspired Francis Scott Key to compose "The Star Spangled Banner."

That piece of bunting is now tarnished and frail with age. Its blue is dark as night, its red is faded to a light pink, its white is the tint of an old parchment. But it is still there.

The flag means to each American no more than he brings to it. What he can bring to it now is suggested in a poem of the great poet, A. E. Housman, whose manuscripts repose in the Library of Congress. It runs:

I will go where I am wanted
where there's room for one or two
And the men are none too many
for the work there is to do.

Perhaps there was prophetic insight in Housman's stanza:

The signal fires of warning
They blaze, but none regard;
And on through night to morning
The world runs ruinward.

Yes, the world runs ruinward, but there are still a few free flags left flying, of which the Stars and Stripes is one. Never did Old Glory mean so much to Americans and to peoples of all the world as on this Flag Day.

THE PRODIGAL GIRL

I've read of the deaths of martyrs,
The story of Peter and Paul,
The story of Luther and Calvin,
I respect and honor them all.
And also Thomas and Stephen,
Honest and faithful men.

I've read the sweet story of Jesus
And expect to read it again.
I've read of the good Samaritan,
Of charity lessons begun,
And my heart goes out in great
pity

To the wayward prodigal son.
All are so glad to welcome him,
So quick to forget and forgive,
It makes no difference what he
has done,

If he only comes back to live.
They have always prayed for the
prodigal boy,
Ever since the world begun,
The joy, the glory, the forgive-
ness

Of the returning wayward son.

But poets seem to forget to write
Of the saddest thing in the world,
They're not so eager to welcome
back

"The poor little prodigal girl!"
Just why she turned out crooked
She happened to strike the right
one

Who had a slick tongue of a
Judas

And that was your prodigal son.
Tho' the boy is upheld and for-
given,

It is common all over the world
That they scornfully point out
for gossip,

"The poor little prodigal girl."
There is nothing so truly pathetic
As the life of a maiden who falls
And if you search down to the
bottom

You will find men the cause of
it all.

But he is led back to society
And nursed with the tenderest
care,
Held up in the world as a hero,
And mentioned with fervent
prayer.

While she is cast out from her
loved ones,
Out in the hard cruel world,
And everyone points out and
scorns her,

"The poor little prodigal girl."
As it has been said quite often
We will now repeat it again,
That the lowest of fallen women
Are better than the best of men.

CLOTHES FOR THE ORPHANS (Submitted by Mrs. Myrtis Seale Aaron, Lyon, Miss.)

Who are you, my little lad,
With face so calm and sad?
Is it true that your mother or dad
Can do nothing to make you glad?

An 'orphan' did I hear you say—
Both dad and mother have gone away,
And you've forgotten how to play
But stand so still and look that way?

Cheer up, sonny, I'll do something for you,
Here are breeches that my boy, Ned, outgrew,
Patched and worn—a bit faded, too.
But for an orphan any old thing will do.

Now, shoes you'll need for winter's snow
And socks with both a heel and toe,
But into my box no such treasures will go,
My boy, Ned, is hard on shoes you know.

But here's a package just the same—
Discarded garments it does contain:
A true mother would be put to shame
To give such junk IN HIS NAME.

When her own children are as fresh and bright
As a Christmas tree on Santa's night.
Remove such selfishness that obscures isght,
And let Christ's love be the radiant light.

That warms our hearts into sincere prayer
To give only things that we would wear;
Teach us the blessedness of living to share
As our Thanksgiving box we begin to prepare.

Sound the Charge

By Berton Braley

Anywhere, so it be forward!"
Words like a trumpeter's blast
Urging us out of the shadows of doubt
Out of the spell of the past;
Summons that wakens the spirit
Challenge that quickens the feet
"Anywhere, so it be forward,"
Never to turn or retreat!

Here is no counsel of caution,
Here is no whisper of fear,
This is a brave, undefeatable stage
Ringing out valiant and clear;
"Anywhere, so it be forward"—
Start from wherever you are
Lift up your eyes to the sign in the skies,
Follow the trail of your star!

On through the mists of the future,
On where the distances gleam,
Though you be chasing a rainbow,
Though you be questing a dream;
Leave the dead sunsets behind you
March—with your face to the dawn,
"Anywhere, so it be forward"
"On" say the trumpets, "go on!"

ON A SUMMER DAY

lover,
lover,
with clover,

Oh, the sky was blue all over,
On a summer day;
Oh, the sky was blue all over,
On a summer day;
And at last I came to Dover
Where the merry bells were ringing
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

All the air was sweet with clover,
On a summer day;
All the air was sweet with clover,
On a summer day;
And the sky was blue all over,
Not a single cloud was sailing,
Far away on a summer day.

Cycle of the Old Military Road (Puerto Rico 1540-1940)

There are soldiers again on an old old road
That winds with an old Spanish grace
Canopied with flowering flamboyants
Carpeted with shadow-lace.
Feathery fans of green bamboo
Cool it where cane-arrow blows;
And pineapples flank it with bayonets drawn
Marching up hills in rows
To gossipy groves of cocoa-nut palms
Too young to understand
That ages belong with their battles and
song
To a road that lives with a land.

But packhorse and oxcart no longer dare
Nor peep the rabbit and fawn,
For traffic is swift and but two cars pass...
The old vendidores are gone.
But a road that was brave for a primitive
world
Takes a streamlined world in its stride
For where plumed armored Spaniards
marched
Now khaki-clad doughboys ride
This road winding 'round four centuries
Back to its military pride.
—C. L. Hardman, Box 667, San Juan

A Popular Record

Not everything is as beautiful as a
poem,
There is death
and dust and the end
of an afternoon
a day
or a lifetime,
what does it matter,
after it is over,
there is no one to prove
it happened.

TO AESCHYLUS

On reading Agamemnon

O thou honored one, beholder of things
far-distant yet within the sweep of time,
lover of tender lambs, thy powerful rhyme,
a sage and prophet song, still clearly sings
to souls and sounds the taut and sleeping strings
of sorrow. Dost thou always write as this,
the debtor's guilt, unknown the scorner's kiss,
and crown Truth like a sun that morning brings?

O watcher of the birds, flung high by wind
and touched by wave, a dweller in blue hills
unseen but by thee, sing thy verse that fills
our souls, untouched before. But we are blind
to trenchant sorrow such as thou hast known:
alone we long for Hope, too-long unflown.

"Song . . of . . the . . Army"

We are proud, to shout aloud
America is our home.
You will find her very kind
Wherever you may roam.

For, We are the men, our Army men
The fighting men of our land,
We will fight, for America's right
The moment she doth command.

We make this plain, our only aim
Is to see her live forever;
Woe behold, to those so bold
Who otherwise would sever.

From a Soldier's Absent-Minded Lady Love

My soldier is short, or maybe he's tall,
He's handsome I think—or else not at all;
His eyes are dark brown, grey-green, or
they're blue,
But this much I know the light there is
true.

He sings like Bing Crosby—well maybe not,
Still I like the voice that's cast as his lot;
He plays the bugle—or does he know how?
If he's a drummer I'm sure he's a wow.

I think that I love him—maybe I don't,
What's wrong then, my heart, and what
do you want?
Why do you quiver and why do you leap,
If this isn't love why can't I sleep?
—Thelma McAlister, Caroleen, N. C.

REGRET

I dreamed one dream too many
When first our love was new.
We two were foolish dreamers—
You dreamed one dream too few.

—JEANNE SPRAGUE

WHEN LITTLE BOYS PRAY

When little boys kneel by their beds
And fold their hands and bow their heads
And shut their eyes and start to pray
I don't think God is far away.
I think he listens with intent
To any message that is sent
By little boys who kneel at night;
I think God tries with all His might
To answer prayers that small boys make
In His Son's name, for His Son's sake.
—Gates Hebbard

"Insomnia"

Out of the eerie hour there comes
The march of feet, and the roll of drums;
The blare of bugle—the cannon's roar,
The drone of wings that dive and soar,
When all I would ask of a night in June
Are the mingled sounds of a whistled tune
And brisk young steps down an empty street
That pause at the turn where home-hearts
meet.

Down through the haze of broken dreams
At the rim of a dawn where tomorrow
gleams,
I see, through the bars of my lonely chair,
The shimmer of starlight across your
hair;
Just a fleeting glimpse of long, larky grace,
A crooked smile on a brown, boyish face;
And then, like the light of a waning day,
The vision is gone—the dream fades
away.

Out of the lonely hour there steals
A slow, sweet peace that numbs and
heals,
And out of a night that is weary and long,
Comes the glimmer of Hope, and this
mangled song.

—Ruth Colton Emery, Box 311, Penfield,
N. Y.

To death, that one adventure from which
there's no return.
But when my guiding angel in voice whis-
pers low,
"Come my son, our Lord above says it's
now your turn.
It's here and here alone that peace you'll
really find
And here the people equal; all of human
kind,
For in death all human sorrows truly are
no more."
I hope I'll be as brave as they, they who
went before.
—G. A. Mandia, Battery "E", 8th F.A.,
Schofield Barracks.

SUMMER RAIN

By William Arnette Wofford

I love the sound of falling rain
Upon a tranquil summer day;
Thin silver chimes on my thatched
roof
Ring out in such a magic way.

The flowers greet the rain with joy,
And raise their heads when day is
done;

They know the rain is their good
friend,
And offer thanks in unison.

The little meadow pools are starred
With silver ripples by the rain;
The hermit thrush sends forth its
song
Because the earth is fresh again.

"King of the Wild"

by E. A. BRININSTOOL

Oh, I am the king of the Western wild,
And the back of a hoss my throne!
I'm Nature's reckless and untamed child,
Of the prairie born and grown!
I worship only the rollin' plain,
And the gray buttes, grim and strange,
And the coyote's song is the only strain
That echoes across the range!

Then it's ho, for the land of the long-horned steer,
By the tenderfoot undefiled!
With a bronc to ride o'er the prairies wide,
I'm king of the Western wild!

I haven't a care nor an ill nor ache,
I'm free as the singin' lark!
A steer to brand or a bronc to break,
From the rise of dawn till dark!
I ride heart-free on the dusty trail,
And sleep 'neath the stars' pale light,
And bear the brunt of a howlin' gale
If the herd stampedes at night!

Then it's ho, for the land of the sagebrush rank,
Where the rugged buttes are piled!
On a bronco throne I can hold my own,
For I'm king of the Western wild!

My dress is rough and my language, too!
I'm some on the rope and shoot!
There's nothin' much that I dassn't do;
I'm about half man, half brute!
I'm keen for fun in my reckless style,
And there's nary a kick nor squeal
When I ride to town and I lose my pile
In an all-night poker deal!

Oh, a cowboy's life is the life for me,
Way out on the range exiled!
Where the longhorns bawl and the coyotes call,
I'm king of the Western wild!

to the Twelfth

A toast to the Twelfth Infantry!
Her's is a brilliant history,
Touched with the blood of Fort McHenry
San Antonio and Malvern Hill;
She fought at the Battle of El Caney
And helped to win at San Juan Hill;
In the brave winning of the West,
She stood the stalwart's steely test;
Her blows were felt in tropic scenes,
Campaigning in the Philippines—

So let us drink she'll always be
As glorious in victory,
And valiant in defeat, as she
Has been throughout her history.
—Robert A. Houston.

COTTON SERVES THE WORLD

By Ruth Randol

Picking a schoolgirl's charming suit;
Or a baby's colorful socks;
Or mayhap a stylish evening gown
May be made from these snow-
white locks!

This bollful may go to the doctor's
place
With healing for wound or sore,
And this may start for a distant
strand,
But be shipwrecked and washed
ashore.

Glory

A soldier dies in battle,
And noble things are said
Of martyrdom and glory,
After the man is dead.

We speak of his great courage;
And for the life he gave,
Erect a stone engraving
To decorate his grave.

Though it may seem less noble,
There's more than life to give;
There's that eternal longing—
To sacrifice and LIVE!

—Michiel Burson,
Fort Amador, Canal Zone.

NIGHT

A tree just breathed—
Silhouetted lace against the sky.
Against a blended sundown
Midget houses lie
Embracing all the stillness
And the liquid coolness of the night

PRAYER

O Heart, breathe your prayer,
Let a breath of autumn air
Lift it high against the sky.
Let it wait at heaven's gate
And God will let the prayer inside

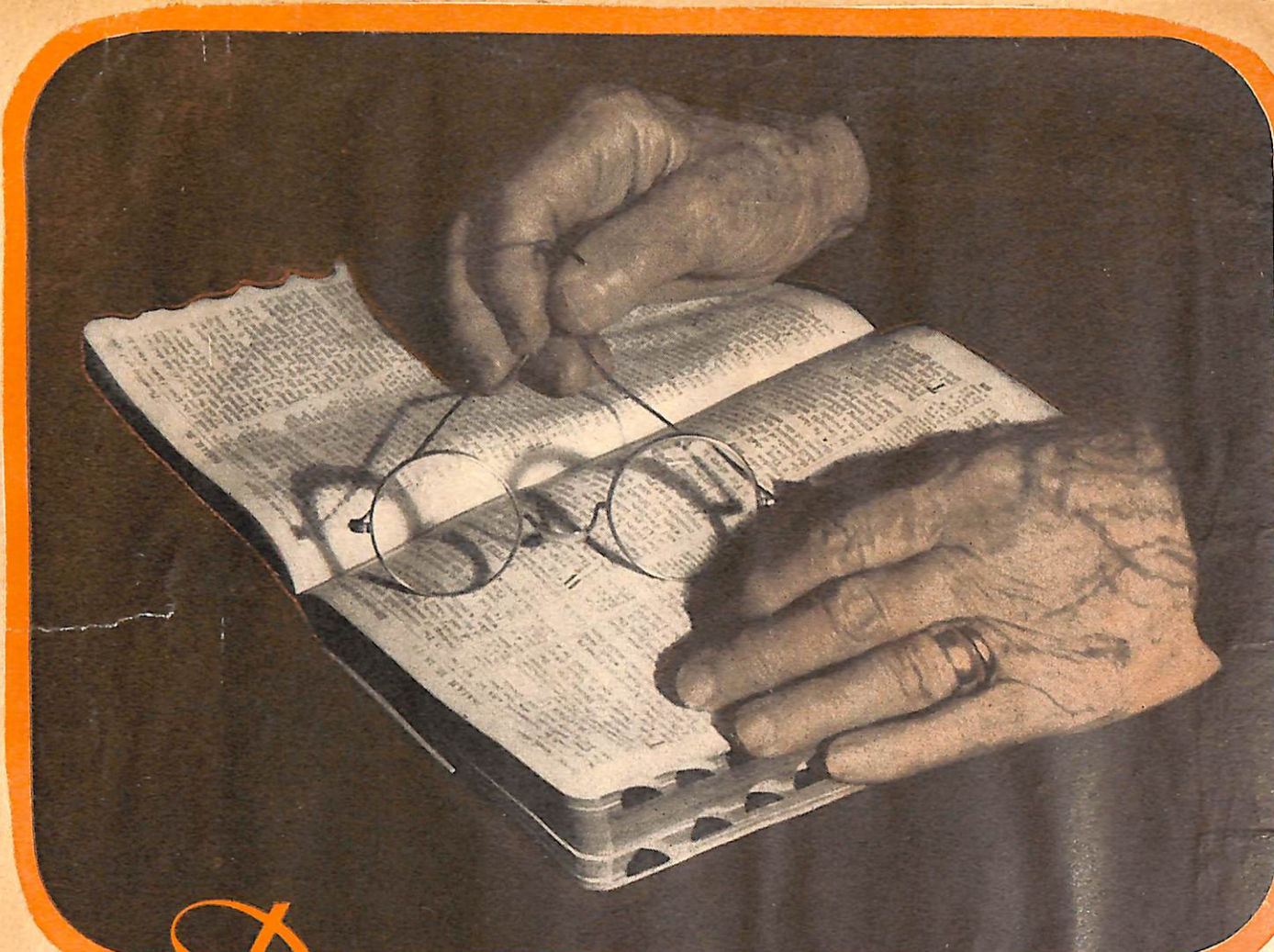
VOYAGEUR

I've set my ship for a distant isle,
Across the emerald seas;
The way is often hard and rough,
And misery pays the fees.

But oh, it is a shining isle
That beckons through the haze,
That forms the far horizon line
Of blue and green and maize!

And when, through tempest's noise and
din,
I hear a call come clear
In joy, my ship will forward spring—
In death, there is no fear.

By Lillian M. Wimet, age 17



Dear Hands

By Grace
Noll Crowell

Dear hands, at rest upon God's blessed Word,
Dear fingers that still trace the old loved lines,
Dear Heart that suddenly is deeply stirred
By some newly illuminated phrase that shines—
How beautiful you are! How richly rife
With meaning is the ancient shadowed page!
Beneath those hands the embered core of life
Gives forth its comfort and its warmth for age.

Dear Heart, earth's journey-end is very near,
But warmth will never fail you, nor the night
Be dark at all, for clearly you can hear
God's voice: "At evening time it shall be light."
You have beneath your fingertips the Way
That leads to Youth and to Eternal Day.

16—TYMPANUM

This Vibrant Bowl, the TYMPANUM,
(It's also called a Kettledrum)
However lightly we may treat it,
For solid skill it's hard to beat it.
A tympanist, to make it clear
Must play it both by hand and ear,
Manipulating gadgets which
Will bring it smartly up to pitch;
Then, pots encircling him about,
He stands prepared to dish it out,
And from his tubs the flavor floats
Of tickled beats and hot rolled notes
As from these mammoth soup tureens
Come thunderstorms and battle scenes.
A sweet existence, we presume,
This life of everlasting boom.

VOICES

I am Barabbas!
'Tis I that should have died
Upon the tree,
But there the Holy One was hanged
Instead of me!

And I am Pilate!
I might have saved Him
With a word.
I washed my hands,
But made no protest heard.

And I am Peter!
I knew so well,
His gentle, loving heart;
Yet in His hour of deepest need,
I took no part.

And I?
My guilt is deeper far
Than theirs.
I am the faithless, who
While centuries have sped,
Still press the crown of thorns
Upon His head.

Albertine H. Miller

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God
supplies
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then, in his great might,
With all his strength endured
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God—

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ
alone,
And stand complete at last.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness
down,
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends
from high,
And takes the conquerors
home."

The Movie

Here comes Massachusetts,
On his heels, Idaho,
That looks like California
Flanking good old Ohio.
Oregon and Maryland
To right of Mississippi
Those buddies, Arizona
And that country boy, Missouri.
Texas eases gently
On the backs of Maine and Georgia
Kentucky punches Florida
Says softly "Boy, howarya?"
Nevada and Wisconsin
New Hampshire and Vermont,
Leaving by the door that seems
A brown stream from a font.
Connecticut, Nebraska
The hills of Tennessee,
The talk is of the picture
And the shows they'd like to see.
New York, Louisiana
New Jersey and Utah
Look at Colorado and that big lad
Arkansas,
South Dakota, North Dakota
Carolinas both
West Virginia, Michigan
To leave the show they're loath
Delaware and Washington
Indiana's boy
All leaving now, and arm in arm
With lads from Illinois.
Alabama, Iowa
Kansas and Rhode Island
Minnesota, Wyoming
Brushing past Montana
Pennsylvania's almost last
Virginia greets "Hello!"
He jostles Oklahoma, bids
"Good-night, New Mexico."

NEGRO

This too shall pass, for not
In vain my soul has borne
The bruises of embittered tongues.
My life is spent, yet shall I live
And recompense my life its living.
My sons I have, nor have my
Prayers washed from their youthful minds
The martyred blood spilt from their
Father's veins. A rope still hangs
To bind them from my hopes and
All my dreams. I must keep faith
For in my heart I can but know
That vengeance is not mine but
For the Lord. How can they see?
How may I let them know and
Understand that we must bury
In our past those scars of hate
Which mark our weary path?
We would forget and reconcile
Our griefs, yet who has sinned?
Is it my sons who err that they are scorned
Unto their depths and pricked
With thorns of pride? This is their cross,
Their Calvary, to be borne with
The gentle dignity of that Forsaken Man
Whose blood was clean, yet spilt
For crimes undone.
I shall not fail; my task is but as
Large as is my will, and it is stronger
Through years of crushing persecution.
I will rise up and with my tattered
Garments bury all that is or has
Been before of hatred, prejudice,
Caste, all the torment which has
Tortured me and those who bear my pain.
And then my soul will smile, and with
That love which emanates from valiant
Hearts and pure, my lips will speak,
"—thy neighbor as thyself."

by Marion Bennett, '40

The Soldier

I ain't much for writin' down my feelings
or expressing sentimentals that I hide.
But when dress parades are due
and we're marching in review
My chest swells up and nearly bursts with
pride.

Sure, I gripe and kick a lot about the Army,
findin' fault with everything that's done.
But when the land takes up the best
or the bugles play "retreat",
I'm glad the Army claims me as her son.

—John T. Canoll, Fort Hulén, Texas.

Me and My Two Thin Blankets

Me and my two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of ham.
A German spy,
Was likely the guy,
That made them for Uncle Sam.

How did I sleep? Don't kid me,
My bed tick was filled with straw,
With lumps, humps, and big bumps,
That poked me until I was raw.

Me and my two thin blankets,
As thin as a last dime,
As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress,
Well, I had one hell of a time.

I would pull them up from the bottom,
Whenever I started to sneeze,
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks,
And then my dogs would freeze.

You could use them for porous plasters,
Or maybe to strain the soup,
My pillow? My shoes, when I started to
snooze,
I have chilblains, cough and the croup.

Me and my two thin blankets,
All bundled up under my chin,
Yes, a German spy,
Was likely the guy,
That made them for Uncle Sam.
—Staff Sgt. Al. Longerbeam, Station Hos-
pital, Fort Bragg.

BRAVE PRAYER

The dreams we dream when youth is
sweet,
Are sweeter far than youth;
They tell us that the world belongs,
To seekers after truth.
They tell us that the weak may win,
And that ideals survive;
And that ambition's gallant spark,
Will always stay alive!

The dreams we dream when middle
age
Has brought its meed of sorrow,
Dwell often in the yesterdays—
Instead of the tomorrow.
They tell us that the hopes we knew,
Were far too gay to last,
They beg us to remember youth—
Though it has hurried past.

The dreams we dream when sunset
time
Becomes the afterglow,
Are frail and silver as a star,
And melt as fast as snow.
And yet, to eyes made dim with tears,
To heads bowed down with care,
They give a lift—for these last dreams,
Reflect lost youth's brave prayer!

My Dear . . .

Ever since you've been off on maneuvers
Each time when I sit down to write;
I end up chewing my pencil
Until it and the paper's a sight . . .

For except for the ice box 'most floating
In the pan I neglected to drain;
And the ants marching over the kitchen
With the reds most likely to gain;
Not much has happened here lately,
Oh, the radio's back on the blink
(I tried to fix the condenser
And broke the reducer I think!)

And the clock doesn't run, excepting face
down;
(I tossed it under the bed)
The toaster's burned out and I blew a fuse;
The grass on the front lawn is dead.
I seem to be living on hamburgers,
Imagine, just cooking for one!
The laundry forgot a lace curtain;
And I'm awfully browned by the sun.

But there isn't any news passing,
Nothing about which to write;
Perhaps it may happen tomorrow
And so I will close for tonight.
Your loving wife.

P.S. I neglected to mention, I miss you,
Oh my darling I do . . . every day;
It just doesn't seem home here with-
out you
It seems years since you've gone away!
—Mimi Glaspell, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Men In Uniform

From every corner of this Nation, far and
wide,
Upon this field, as elsewhere, men have
come to serve;
Certain, and unswerving in their purpose,
Knowing they defend the rights they all
deserve.
Today has wrought a mighty plan,
Held forth with hopes to every man;
Each one should do the best he can.
All of us are entrusted to the noble task—
Right triumphs in the cause that never
ends;
"Make this, our land, the bulwark of
defense,
You, upon whose hopes the world depends."
—George Bailey, Actg. Cpl., 30th Inf.,
Baty. "K", Presidio of San Francisco

IN MEMORY

On Mother's Day May 11, 1941,
God called in the home of Mr.
and Mrs. Edgar Stokes and claim-
ed for his own, our darling baby,
Mary Elaine. She was only in our
home one month and three days
and we loved her dearly. But
Jesus loved her better, so on
The midnight hour, in the quiet-
ness of the room,
The precious little life sank slow-
ly into gloom.

We dearly loved the little child,
But Jesus loved her too;
He even on her sweetly smiled and
Placed her with His chosen few.
"Forbid them not!" the Savior
said,
"Oh! suffer them to come to me,"
"Of such my Heavenly Kingdom is
Like all my followers may be."
Young children are the gems of
earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have
They sparkle on the throbbing
breast,
But brighter shine in the Heaven
of rest.
Dear one I know that you will be
The first at Heaven's gates and
will welcome me.
Mother, Mrs. Edgar Stokes.

On Sunday Morning

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

William Alexander Percy provides
our Mississippi poem in this series:

Far, far from here the church bells ring,
As when I was a child,
And there is one I dearly love
Walks in the sunlight mild.
To church she goes, and with her once
I went, a little child.

The church bells ring far, far away,
The village streets are bright,
The sunlight falls in slanting bars
And fills the church with light.
And I remember when I knelt
Beside her, in delight. . . .

There's something lost, there's some-
thing lost,
Some wisdom has beguiled!
My heart has flown a thousand miles
And in the sunlight mild
I kneel and weep beside her there
As she prays for her child.

Wings

Another might send you a lucky charm;
All that I bring is a song,
Spun from the threads of a golden dream
I did not hold for long.
Wafted across the star-strung skies,
A lilting, sad refrain—
Borne on the wings of a day that is gone
And never will come again.

Another might send you a Talisman;
All that I bring is a prayer,
Springing from love and fashioned with
hope
To guide you while up there.
These simple words to wear in the heart
Where fear has never lain—
God grant the dreams that we have shared
Will all come back again.
—Ruth Colton Emery

THE R. A. F.

R. J. Reynolds, head of the Reynolds
Tobacco Company, and one of the
nation's greatest industrialists, has
written a poem, dedicated to the men
in the "R. A. F.", which may rank as
a classic. We quote these lines:

"They need no tomb,
Nor sullen feet to shuffle 'round their bier;
Just lay them down on some high ground,
With the eagle and the deer!
Carve not their name;
Nor plant a mark of wood or stone;
Just let them lie beneath blue sky
Alone, always alone!
Sun, moon and stars
Will sentinel their mound;
Who dares the skies where the eagle flies
Will know what they have found."

CARES

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I gathered all the sorrows,
The doubtings and the fears,
That ever dogged my footsteps,
The while I climbed the years,
And, binding them together,
When night walked on the deep,
I gave them to the waters
To keep.

There were no ghosts to haunt me,
As I walked in the dawn,
And laughter came with solace
For grieving that was gone,
But, when the long day ended,
I knelt and begged the sea
To give what I had given
To me.

The weary day had taught me
What gray men ever know,
That there can be no gladness,
Unless our hearts find woe,
And, as the waters hearkened
To my despairing cry,
I learned that God was wiser
Than I.

Cattle Draw

Knots of muscles slip
Beneath sleek hides.
Sweating, shouting men
Pile the stone-boat high;
And flail the steaming sides
Of yoke on yoke
With knotted rawhide whips.
The red earth shines like tile
As each boat slips
Its scant six feet.
All weights are used,
And men get on to ride.
Gee breaks it out.
It slides: eight hooves that pound
Like polished pistons push away
Two yards of hard packed clay:
And big men smile.

Pursuits

Swift as falcons in their flight,
Dashing from a dizzy height.

Down they dart, so grim and gray
Ever ready for their prey.

Pilots strong, the no ion's best—
Men who've stood each acid test.

Always ready, day and night—
Champions of the strong and right.

Men and ships like things of steel
Built to fight and never kneel.

Keen of eye and strong of hand,
Guardians of our dear fair land.

Masters of the heavenly blue—
Hail to you, oh birdmen true.

Carolina Low Country

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

For our South Carolina poem Mrs.
Johnson suggests Archibald Rutledge's
hauntingly beautiful description of the
historic and picturesque "Low Coun-
try" around Charleston:

If in my songs the note of grief is heard,
The sound of evening bells and elegies,
Melodies by moonlight of the mocking-
bird,
The night-wind through the dim and
dreaming trees—
My voice is of my Country. . . .

You do not hear me singing. But you
hear
The twilight wind through myrtle, bay
and pine;
The mystery of marshes wide and drear;
The golden bells of the lustrous jasmine
vine;
The grieving loveliness that live oaks
wear;
The wildwood where the sad lost
moonbeams shine.

THE FARMER TO UNCLE SAM—

By Mrs. Dee Haley

I have no time to fight for "rights,"
I've got a job to do—
And while I concentrate on that,
I'm depending, Unk, on you.

If America I'm to defend,
I'm sure you clearly see
That while I stick to my Uncle Sam,
He's got to stick to me!

Ode to a Sunday K. P.

There you sit beside a tent,
And all the joy in life is spent
How can you go on a payday spree
While doing a Holiday K. P.

In one hand you grasp a pasty potato,
The other entwines a timely tomato.
Peel 'em thin and control your thoughts
For when you're through, next comes the
pots.

Nice big pans all thick with gooey,
So rub and scrub—goldarn it—phooey!
Rice pudding,—fish,—macaroni,—stew,
Everything sticks like G. I. glue!

Oh, why did you let that rusty gun
Get that way and spoil your fun?
The sun goes down,—you can hardly see,
Will it never end,—this darn K. P.
—G. I. Brown, Schofield Barracks Re-
ception Center.

THREE PORTRAITS

I

Martyr

So bright a light from melting wax is born,
From this thin wire of glowing filament
There burns the splendor of a firmament,
The careless, flush magnificence of morn.

There have been souls, fanned by such mighty winds
Swept with the cloak of so intense a flame,
That the dross wax relinquishes its claim
And in one blinding stream of glory ends.

II

Philosopher

Here goes one old in all except the name,
Who in too harsh a way of life has learned.
He sought the truth as most may seek the flame,
And like the moth within the fire was burned.

III

Sky-Writing

I saw one on the flaming wings of sunset
Engrave across the moving plains of air
A shifting line. An instant there it hung
In insubstantial form, poised gracefully
On nothingness, as though the very breeze
Withheld its breath. The finger, tracing beauty
Died in the clouds. But half a moment more
The sentence gleamed for all who watched to read
And then dispersed upon the idle winds
Letter by letter, shifting from itself
Into distorted form and then to mist,
And then at last only an aura there
Athwart the sun, that every vagrant breeze
Made more a mockery. O you who hear,
Mark well these words and this the fading line,
They are the life and passing of the poet.

by Marcellus Steadman, '40
from Emory University's PHOENIX

Army of Men

We are an army of men who have gone
wrong
We are an army of men dressed in blue.
We work in the fields,
While a man with a gun, stands ready to
fire,
If one move we make, he has orders to
use it
As we work, he stands and he watches
For we are the army of men who have gone
wrong.

Some of us are young and some of us are
old
Some of us have hair that is gray and
others have none
Some of us have hair that is black and
others have hair that is red
But we are men, we are human
But we are an army of men who have
gone wrong.

We love our country
We'll fight for our country
We'll die for our country
For we may be the army of men who have
gone wrong
But one wrong thing we've done, has given
us years to regret
For God is the only one who can forgive us
The army of men who have gone wrong.
—Ethel Miller, Bldg. 110, Sec. Q, G. I.,
N. Y.

Just Before Spring

Just before spring has stepped across the sill,
The earth seems hushed and breathless, and the sky
Is tender as a mother's lullaby.
And in brown fields that winter tried to kill,
There is a sudden softness; and the will
To bloom again, that nothing can deny,
Wakes in the orchard trees . . . the gale sweeps by
To lose itself against some sun-kissed hill!

Just before spring my heart that has known sorrow
Feels the vague stirring of a joyous song—
What thought the winter has been stark and long?
Spring's purse is full—and from the spring I'll borrow.
Forgetting pain and poverty and wrong—
I wait upon the threshold of tomorrow!

A Buck Private

Some times he is happy,
Some times he is sad,
He is nothing but a buck private,
A fine, relentless, Yankee lad.

He doesn't want to get up in the morning
He doesn't want to go to bed at night,
All he thinks about is women,
Or being mixed up in a great big fight.

He meets many a pretty girl,
And is always falling in love,
When he dies they say he'll go below,
But he thinks he'll go up above.

And you would think the same,
If in his place you did belong,
For you would be a buck private,
And a buck private never does anything
wrong.
—Pvt. Virgil D. Mahoney, Camp Haan,
Cal.

The Infantry

Listen to the beat of measured steps
O'er hill and down through glen,
For the khaki-clad men of the Infantry
Are on the march again.

There's the squeak of old shoe leather
As o'er the hills they roam,
Thinking of the loved ones
They left back home alone.

The Officers, Cooks and M.P.'s ride
While the Infantry walks along,
With shoulders squared and heads erect
Singing a happy song.

And when the day is over
And they've found a place to rest,
They'll know that in the Service
The Infantry's the best.

So rally round Old Glory
At the close of every day,
And let the shouts ring out with glee
For this good, old U.S.A.
—Sgt. Frank Blaine, 158th Infantry,
Camp Barkeley, Texas.

The Spirit of Texas

Soldiers squatted round the camp-fire
Are prepared to tell their tales
So it's all about you, Texas,
And those friendly Texas trails.

Where the politicians quibble
And the troubles mighty few,
Where the Greasers steal your chicken
And the O'possum steals your shoes.

There's corn liquor in the bath tubs,
With a maiden on each lap;
A regular hill-billy crooner
With his children rules the map.

The rattle snakes are as friendly
As the stars that shine above
And the hoot-owls screech as lonely
As a soldier's life without love.

Where the mustangs and the cattle,
Wilder than can be atoned;
Chase each other through mesquite brush;
That's the place I call my home.

When the heat waves dance at noon-tide
Too hot for coyotes to moan,
Here is my pledge to you, Texas;
I will forever toot your horn.

GIFTS

By Mabel Hatton Marks

Once every year we gather round the tree,
Alight and lovely in its glad array,
And with our gifts to friends and family,
Our songs of praise, we celebrate His day.
But He graced every day with gifts and cheer,
He gave Himself throughout the passing year.
With hand and heart He gave unstintedly,
He fed the hungry, calmed the troubled mind;
From His magnetic personality
Restored the sick, gave sight unto the blind.
In quick response He answered every call
With gifts to rich and poor, to great and small.

But there were some things that He did not share;
The bitter cup, betrayal by His own,
The weariness and dread, the secret prayer,
Gethsemane, the Cross, were His alone;
All else He gave; He filled life to the brim
Because each day was giving-day for Him.

An Ode to G. I. Brown

You've heard of him, this G. I. Brown
His G. I. laughs and G. I. frown,
His G. I. poems so full of fun,
His G. I. jokes when day is done!

At times I wonder—if G. I. Brown,
Who needs a kingly humorist's crown,
In G. I. mood makes G. I. love,
And coos and woos like any dove.

He's full of humor—this G. I. Brown,
The boys he never let them down,
With soft heart and ready smiles,
That captivate with witty wiles!
—His Buddy

"For National Defense"

I've signed up under Uncle Sam,
I've heard his call to arms.
And my buddies all around me,
Come from factories and farms.

We will fight on together,
To keep our liberty.
We'll also keep our enemy,
Far out upon the sea.
So if all you young fellows
Please take a tip from me,
Sign up now with your Uncle Sam,
And America will always be free.

Living under Uncle Sam,
Is most the same as home.
You have your daily job to do,
And then comes time to roam.

Guns go roaring, and planes flying,
And ships will sail the seas.
So join up now with Uncle Sam
And keep America free.

Uncle Sam can use you now
Never as before
To protect this wide nation
And all along the shore.

You've heard my tale of Army life
And as you well can see,
The power of a great nation,
Depends on you and me.

Don't be a coward, or a shirker,
Show your colors true.
Sign up now with Uncle Sam,
For he depends on you.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH*

ALAN SEEGER

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year;
And I to my pledged word am true—
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

The Armour of Light

This is a garment that if rightly worn
Will be as radiant as the sun at dawn.
It is a splendid cloak that will adorn
The plainest one who gladly puts it on.
It will be pierced with some
strange inward light:
An incandescent burning that will glow
As if a lamp were carried in the night
Wherever they who don that armour, go.

Oh, let us put it on and walk the lands
To help illuminate earth's darkened ways:
Our faces glowing, torches in our hands,
Before our feet the ever spreading rays
Of hope and gladness, that the world may see
The Holy Spirit's luminosity.

The Soldier's Lament

They put me in the Army,
And pay me twentyone;
I go to sleep when dusk falls,
And waken with the sun.

What does my day consist of?
Well, here's the general plan;
I hike and drill, and drill some more,
They say it makes a man.

My top-kick is the toughest guy
That ever hit this earth;
And of K.P.'s and details
There never is a dearth.

I growl all day and grumble,
And say I'm going to quit;
And, how, when I get discharged,
I'll do nothing else but sit.

But growling makes the soldier,
And soldiering makes us tough,
You know, I kind of like it
So, I think that I'll re-up.
Pfc. James J. Tennyson, Company K,
16th Infantry, Fort Devens.

THE SMALL WHITE CHURCH

By Lucile Hargrove Reynolds

The Sabbath bell no longer sounds
Across the countryside;
But man still hears an ageless Voice
Which will not be denied.

It calls him to some altar place
Where God comes down to bless
Each worshiper, and set his feet
On paths of righteousness.

So through the years he leans upon
The strength such hours impart,
And cherishes the small white church
Imprinted on his heart.

Final Salute

He shall sit in the halls of The Mighty
In a Palace that's made of Gold,
And They all will stand at attention
While His deeds of valor are told.

There are troops that have gone on be-
fore Him
The Rank and the File are both there,
But they've lost the grime of the battle
They stand straight and tall and so fair.

Brass buttons are turned into diamonds
And jewels of various hue,
The drab into Robes of silver and gold
With surcoat of violet blue.

No longer with feet tired and weary
Do They wait for the end of the day,
It is all dress parade, with their sandals
made
Of sunbeams to light the way.

And then they shall bivouac in Heavenly
fields
Where the flowers never shall fade,
They've obeyed the last call, from the
Captain of all
Their final encampment is made.

Poem

That night's solemnity: waves saying
Nothing, lipping created
By His word, an idiot's sound
Ever, forever, Ourselves paralyzed

By our words' importance—tense,
We could not convey enough, knowing
The boundary reached (and no sub-
mersion
Of souls, as isolate as sails

Made out in darkness, moving
On meaningless, separate as seas
Landlocked) fixed by the walls
Of being,—No mingling's there

That we tried to find, we who would
Forever lose, obsessed and denied
By the image of sea, now knowing
there
Is no entrance, and no leaving

To Our Fallen

—December 8, 1941—

The barracks now are silent
Where once your laughter rang.
The steel guitar is broken,
Where round your bunks we sang!
As the stars give way to morning
In Oahu's cloud swept sky
Old Glory's proudly waving there
Seeped in heroes' crimson dye!

Can you hear us there in heaven,
As the dawn patrol takes flight?
On silvery wings your memory soars
In holy freedom's fight!
The kona wind blows softly now,
The palm trees whisper low,
But all America will remember
Whence came this dastard's blow!

Let the Nipponese remember this
As they cinge beneath the sky,
At Hickam's flaming vengeance:
For you the first to die!

—Pic. JOE BRIMM
—Hickam Field, T.H.

The 'Special Order' Blues

The following-named enlisted men
Of the organizations indicated
Who reported at this station here,
Really oughta be syndicated.

Because there are so many of them
And they each require time;
We sorta wish they'd combine in to one
And make our lives sublime.

First there's the fuss about rations,
And that stuff of Basic Allowances—
So everytime we put an order out—
We're taking all sorts of chances.

And believe you me, this 16 g.,
And this AR 35-20
Can get you dizzy and soon you're willin'
To admit you've really had plenty.

Just write me a paragraph 16 c.,
And attach a section VIII—
A delay enroute for a million days—
Then toss me to my fate . . .
—Pvt. Sylvan Cole, Jr., Headquarters Co.,
15th Signal Service Co., Fort Monmouth.

February Dusk

By T. O. Davis

The pine is sad, a mournful song
Its numbed needles sing,
With the roaring wind the leafless oak
Does sorely toss the ring.
Graying clouds from out the north
Swing in against the sky,
A flock of birds from out the hills
In nervous haste dip by.
The ridge stands out, a dancing line
In the smoky cold,
The sunset's glow from reddest flame
Is now a dusty gold.
The hearthstones burn, the shadows play
Lazily on the wall,
The chores are done, our day is through,
And there's the supper call.

To The Eighth

There's a Fort in the South they call
Jackson.
It's six miles from the nearest town.
From far and near, many are sent here,
For reasons of a National Defense.
So let's swing and sway, the American
way—

With the EIGHTH on parade every day.

Step aside; Step aside;
Watch the 8th as they glide—
Down the field on parade every day.
Not a twist, not a turn—
Burly non-coms gruff and stern—
As the Officers deliver each command.
Left flank—Right flank—
Company Halt!
Tall and short—Slim and stout,
Tell me what it's all about.
Grumbling—growling—Corporals howling,
Someone is falling out of rank.
Get that man, pull him out,
Give him K.P., hear him shout,
It's a lesson no one wants to learn.
So let's make a date—where we can watch
the EIGHTH,
On parade, every day—on parade.

Light

My days were once such shining things,
I seemed to feel I wore bright wings;
Came dark I had not known before,
And folded wings too weak to soar.
Yet, somehow spite of grief and care,
There grew the sense that God was there.
'Twas strange! He seemed not near to me
When hours were filled with laughter free.
Lord! Didst Thou clip these wings of mine
To teach me how to lean on Thine?

Ethel B. Atwood

He's A Good Soldier!

I love our Nation,—He loves it too,
But my oblations go to the two
My soldier lad and Uncle Sam's land
So why feel sad when I understand:

CHORUS:

He's a good soldier,—A grand soldier
That grand good soldier-boy of mine,
He's a brave soldier, a fine soldier,
My fine brave soldier marching in the line
Justice for all is the cry of his soul,
Helping maintain it, the peak of his goal
He's a good soldier,—a grand soldier,
That grand good soldier-boy of mine.

I found a little quotation that
amused me, and I thought you
could enjoy it, too. Guess that is
what accounts for our lack of pro-
gress sometimes even when we
hear better methods. Here 'tis:

"The sermon was ended
They all turned and descended.
The eels went on eeling,
The pikes kept on stealing
Much delighted were they
But each preferred the old
way."

A POEM FOR LEADERS

Would you a child attempt to teach?
Study his habits, nature, speech;

Make him tell you all you can;
From this knowledge form your plan.

Begin with that which he does know,
Tell him little and tell him slow.

Use words that he will know and feel,
Review, call back, draw out at will.

Consult his tastes; help him to climb;
Keep him working all the time.

Be firm, be gentle, love is strong;
Look to Jesus, you'll not go wrong.

SUNDOWN

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

While the hellish noises of war and
greed and hate all but overwhelm the
earth, these sunset lines of North Caro-
lina's favorite poet keep echoing in our
minds like the soft chimes of some far-
off cathedral . . . or like the peace-
bestowing benediction of some great
souled man of God who knows the
somehow in the end, He will yet in
the wrath of man to praise Him:

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the
west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless we move so lowly;
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest,
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

—John Charles McNeill.

"The Fighting Sixty Fourth"

I'm in the army across the sea,
In the Sixty Fourth, with "battery E",
They are the men, who man the lights,
And give the gunner accurate sights.

They eat and sleep, most all the time,
And sweat in men, who own a dime,
They're rough and tough, and love the gals,
Don't cross them up, they're my best pals.

If the Sixty Fourth, in battery "E",
Should meet a foe, from o'er the sea,
They'll fill the sky, with light so bright,
And our winged foe, shall get a fight.

The Sixty Fourth, in battery "E",
Are waiting for, the foreign flea,
They've conquered countries, strong and
brave,
But the U.S. here, we'll always save.
—Pfc. Chester A. Reed and Pvt. Leonard
F. Gresen

Th' Keeper o' th' Soil

By LAWRENCE J. SMITH

MANY'S th' time I think,
"Oh, well, what's th' use
O' man a-slavin' his life away,
Workin' his fingers to th' bone—
Fer what?" I ask.

Yes, a man a-plowin' up th' soil,
Th' hot sun a-bakin' yer very soul.
A dollar here, a dollar there,
An' ten times that ain't enough
Fer what we do.

Yes, what's th' answer, pray,
To all this toil and sweat?
Where's th' glory o' it all?
Glory—ah, there's th' word—
Fer what we do.

Me? I'm a keeper o' th' soil,
Somethin' that belongs to God—
His seed, His earth, His sun an' rain
An' surely He does look to me—
To till it.

THIS COLD DARK CELL

Today my father put me in this narrow, cold, dark cell,
And, while here, I see a story that 'round this world I'm going to tell.
It's pretty tough, boys, right now, and may be tough for quite a spell,
But I know enough about my Lord to know He doeth all things well.

My father put me here; said I was crazy as could be,
But I had a vision my father did not happen to see:
It was a beautiful vision, a vision so pure and sweet,
A vision of thousands of sinners kneeling at Jesus' feet.

They were gathered there from the wide world around,
And for each one there was a star added to my crown.
Now, my father hasn't meant to mistreat me, or be unkind,
But money has always been his god, and kept him blind.

As I sit here and hold these cold iron bars in my hand
I am convinced that one has to have God's spirit to fully understand.
Paul was a great preacher, and spent a lot of time in jails,
But when the Lord got ready, the old apostle needed no bail.

Jeremiah was a prophet of God, and a good one, too;
They said, "He weakeneth our army,—this will never do."
So they cast him into the pit, 'way down in the mire,
But God delivered him, as He did the Hebrew children from the fire.

They cast old Daniel into the hungry lions' den,
And sold little Joseph to a bunch of merchantmen.
Haman built a scaffold for a Jew by name of Mordecai,
But it was not God's will that this Jew should die,

Something happened, as you all from Esther have likely read,
And Haman was the guy who swung from the scaffold, dead.
It's pitiful to think of Old Jeremiah, down in the muck and mire,
But in due time he was out and told he could have his heart's desire.

The king's wrath was great, and the furnace was made exceedingly hot,
Only to burn those that against the Hebrew children did plot.
The story of Daniel in the lions' den is enough to make one wise,
The lions refused to eat Daniel, but made a mess of some other guys.

There was a bunch that thought Noah was a crazy fool
To build an ark so large and so far from even a pool,
But they learned, too late, as others are doing today,
That sin and unbelief in an all-wise God doesn't pay.

PRAYER

The following beautiful prayer
was recently written by Dr. David
Guyton, Mississippi's outstanding
blind poet, who will some day
take his place among the highest.
We quote from this his latest mas-
terpiece:

God give me vision to discern
The way today my steps should
turn
To shun defeat and to attain
The happy heights I hope to
gain.

God give me courage to aspire,
The grit to grasp my heart's
desire,
An iron will that scorns to
yield,
Whatever foeman takes the
field.

God give me patience to pursue
The trail attempted, bravely
through
For fortitude to face each task
Serenely, Lord, I fondly ask.

For lighter loads I breathe no
prayer
But for the sturdy strength to
bear.
Whatever burdens life may
bring,
The strength to bear them and
to sing.

Go, give me faith to light the
way
And hope to turn to gold the
gray,
And love, O Lord, to make me
true
To self, to others, and to You.

By WALTER KIERNAN
Christmas Eve

So this is the night the magic star
Was seen by the wise men from
afar

This is the night he came to earth
This is the night of holy birth,

So long in coming, so soon forgot
Trial and torture; for his robe
cast lots

Well that was the way of the world
friend

And that's the way of the world
again.

"Peace on earth to men of good
will"

Brawl and fight and murder and
kill

No one of us fit to touch his gown.
Brag, boast, "throw your weight
around."

No room at the inn for the Prince
of Peace

Make it tough for him, maybe
he'll cease

To come back each year and make
us humble

Make us confess how badly we
stumble.

God send us another magic star
God send us wise men to read
it afar

To set our feet in the path he trod
The infant babe who is our God.

Thought for the day: Make
straight the way of the Lord.

ARMY BONUS

SHAWNEE, Okla. — (AP) — When
Orville Griggs, 18-year-old Meek-
er farm boy, joined the Army Air
forces as a mechanic he got a sort
of a bonus—he got to talk over a
telephone for the first time.

Trees

Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
and lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that May in summer wear
A vest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

"Wouldn't this old world be better,
If the folks we meet would say:
I know something good about you,
And then treat us just that way!
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each hand-clasp warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance
I know something good about you!
Wouldn't things here be more pleasant
If the good that's in us all,
Were the only things about us,
That folks bothered to recall!
Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we'd praise the good we see!
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.
Wouldn't it be nice to practice
This fine way of thinking too;
You know something good about me,
I know something good about you!"

SPRING HAS OPENED

Spring has finally opened, for we see
our friend Fred Sullens has written his
first poem, and it is pretty good:

"There is very little trouble
That happens to us today;
It's the sorrow of tomorrow
That drives our joys away.

We sometimes sit and wonder,
And stew and foam and fret,
For fear something's going to happen,
But it hasn't happened yet.

There was once a lonely woman,
Who cried down by the sea:
'What if my pretty children,
All should perished be?'

Now this particular woman,
Who thus did fret and fret,
Is still a maiden lady,
So it hasn't happened yet!"

LISTENING IN

Listening in, how wonderful and
grand,
The whole world is now at our
command.
From North to South, from East
to West;
Sermons, addresses—the very best.
Sweet music comes on ethereal
wing
For Radio makes the world to sing
While we listen in.

Listening in, we heart the S. O. S.
Of great vessels, their signals of
distress.
So relief ships quickly mount the
waves
And rescue hundreds from watery
graves.
It is a wonderful age in which we
dwell
And marvelous things will Radio
tell,
When we listen in.

Listening in, we may hear the
Father's voice
As He bids His children to rejoice,
Because to man such power is
given
That we can almost hear the mu-
sic of heaven.
God's word, broadcast to you and
me
No longer seems a mystery.

MOTHER . . . In Heaven

Somewhere in Heaven there is a room
That she keeps as bright as her room on earth—
Somewhere in Heaven small echoes creep
From her murmured songs and her gentle mirth.

Somewhere in Heaven small angels come
To beg for a cookie or ginger bread.
Somewhere in Heaven her fingers sew
On gay little dresses, blue and red!

Somewhere in Heaven I know she serves—
For serving, it was, that gave her rest;
And Heaven, I'm sure, is just a place
Where we do those tasks which we once loved best!

If we listen in.
God's Radio stations along life's
way
Send to us messages every day.
Messages of hope and comfort too,
Telling us to be faithful and true.
While these times our souls with
terror fill,
We can hear a soft whisper,
"Peace be still,"
If we listen in.
—Mrs. L. M. Lipscomb.

De worm she is a funny thing;
He got no leg, nor arm, no wing;
She got no leg, but he can walk;
He got a mout', but she can't
talk;
She walk wit no leg on de
groun';
Back and 'fort,' and don't turn
roun';
He built so clos' down to de dirt,
If she fall down, he don't get
hurt;
An wen she whoa and back he
go,
Wher' is hees head, I lak to
know.

"THE DAY IS DONE"
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

One of the first to instill European culture in American literature was scholarly Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. After graduating from Bowdoin College in 1825 he was sent abroad to prepare for teaching. Longfellow accepted a professorship of modern languages at Harvard, but later resigned to devote himself to verse. He was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

BE CHARITABLE

Don't be in a hurry to tell it,
The tale that was whispered to
you.
Just wait 'til you find out about
it
For maybe it will not prove
true.

And if it be false, think a mom-
ent—
Will you add to the cruel
wrong?
For falsehoods, like snowballs,
grow larger
The farther they travel along.

But if it be true, just forget it,
For why should your lips ever
repeat
A tale that may ruin another
And end all hopes in defeat?

So don't be in a hurry to tell it,
The tale that was whispered to
you
For here is one thing to remem-
ber—
That whispered tales seldom
are true.

MY DESIRES
By Alba King-Hudson

For I was hungered, and ye
gave me meat; I was thirsty, and
ye gave me drink; I was a stran-
ger and ye took me in; naked and
ye clothed me; I was sick and ye
visited me; I was in prison and ye
came unto me. Mat. 25:35-36.

I had rather be loved for a good-
ness of heart
Than blessed with a beauty rare;
I had rather be loved for the joy
I impart
To those bowed down with care,
Than to be the most beautiful
girl on earth
Who has never a thought of the
sad,
Or, to be possessed with countless
worth
That has never made someone else
glad.

I hope to be loved by those
shall feed,
When hunger hath come their
way;
I hope to be able to give to those
in need
Of a drink, some warm summer's
day;
I hope in my home the Stranger
shall find
A welcome awaiting him;
That the naked shall find warm
clothes, to remind
That the way isn't always cold
and dim.

I hope to be loved by the sick and
the sad
As I visit them day by day;
And bring to their eyes an ex-
pression that's glad
By the comforting things I will
say;
I hope to be loved by the prison-
er too,
As he waits for me to come;
I hope to be loved because I am
true,
And try to bring joy to every one.

CHANGED VOICES

Young man, young man,
What is it you hear,
When the dusk is stealing down
And the stars appear?
Singing voices come to me
Through the lilac trees,
And they fill my heart with ships
And the crashing seas.

Old man, old man,
What is it you hear,
When the shadows hide the sun
And the dark draws near?
Weeping voices come to me
Through the flying foam,
And they fill my heart with dreams
Of the fields—and home.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

QUEEN FOR A MINUTE

There I was in far off Rumania
And I sat in a golden chair.
The maids in waiting were
around my throne,
A handsome young king was
there.

I gave commands with the
greatest of ease,
They hastened to carry them
out.

I would be seen ruling the
whole world,
I was queen beyond the shadow
of a doubt.

A royal visitor entered my
chamber,
"Her Majesty," he addressed me
"I've heard that you have a
vacancy here,
Your foreign minister I seek to
be."

He bowed, then saluted as gen-
tlemen do,
And politely kissed my hand.
As he left for the door, I sighed
and thought,
"Well, that's a reasonable de-
mand."

Suddenly I jumped, I know not
why,
The maids in waiting were
gone.

The handsome king was no
longer near,
I was sitting there all alone.
What's that? — the chair had
turned to wood.

I learn from just one look.
The royal visitor was the li-
brarian,
Gee whiz! There was my history
book.

—Nella Dean Mitchell, '43

I DO NOT LIKE TO PRAY ALOUD

We have read many poems from our
own Poet, David E. Guyton, but we
commend the following poem under
the above heading, as fitting our be-
lief more than any he has ever written:

I do not like to pray aloud
With men and women in a crowd.
To me the Lord has eager ears
And always listens, always hears.

I sometimes wonder, when we kneel,
If God in heaven does not feel,
That half the spoken prayers that
rise
Are merely meant to advertise.

It seems to me, I may be wrong,
That when we wrestle loud and long
With Love that yearns to grant and
give,
It is a burning lie we live.

When I desire to have a word
Alone with God I can be heard
Without a single uttered phrase,
If my own heart within me prays.

My Father always understands.
He comes with blessings in his hands.
With loving wisdom, He bestows
The best for me, because He knows.

I choose to come without a word,
To come with faith I shall be heard.
With men and women in a crowd,
I do not like to pray aloud.

—David E. Guyton.

To a June Graduate

I wish you joy:

Not that which comes
From life without a care—
A deeper joy which wells
From having learned to meet
Both joy and sorrow gallantly.

I wish you health of mind and heart
From living much in God's great out-
of-doors:

The peace of quiet streams;
The gladness of the wind among the
trees,
And birds at dawn;
The glory of the sunset.

I wish you usefulness in some real
task

Worth while to human welfare,
And in it joy of sacrifice
For those who call you friend.

Clara Elizabeth Bartley

Mothers of the Service

May the sorrowful mother's feelings
As she kisses her son good bye,
When he's called into the service,
Whether land, or sea, or sky,
Be changed to joyful sacrifice
Just to watch those colors fly;
For our fathers earned this freedom,
Which we shall strive to keep,
Let's do our best to save it,
Though the price be awful steep.

We have lived in joy and laughter
And our troubles have been few,
So let's protect our privileges
Which more countries once knew,
But now, destroyed by some demon,
Some within and some without,
So, we freely to the service give
Our sons, our hearts shall shout.

There'll be days before we see him
But of whom we will be proud,
For all troubles will be ended
And our cries we'll shout aloud,
"Hurrah! to all brave mothers
Whom their sons they proudly gave,
When they were called into the service,
Thus the nation has been saved."

—Sgt. William G. Terry,
Bolling Field, D. C.

Soldier-Boy's Girl

It's been pretty lonesome here back home,
Since you first went away;
It's kinda hard to keep from missing,
All those things you used to say.

It's rather sad to read those letters,
You send me now and then;
And to think of many lonely months,
'Fore we'll be "two" again.

Your absence left me heartsick,
And without your good-nite kiss;
Life doesn't seem to hold for me,
That one-time happy bliss.

As you toss and turn in your Army bunk,
Beneath southern star-lit skies;
Won't you think of me just a little,
Before closing your tired eyes?

Won't you steal a look at my picture,
During Reveille, Taps or Mess?
Won't you tell your Army buddies,
I'm the one you love the best?

I'll say a prayer each night you're gone,
For God to keep you safe;
And in your prayers I hope you've room,
To keep me in first place.

Those southern girls are nice, no doubt,
And you're only human, too;
But please remember the one "a little bit
better,"

'Waitin' way up North for you!

—Abbie Grace Lynch

In Fact, I Like It!

I'm just a guy that was caught in the draft.
They've shipped me off to the Antiair-
craft.
They gave me a tent, a trunk and a cot,
And told me to drill, like it or not.
I drilled for three weeks, out under the
sun;
The more I tried, the worse I done.
But finally they told me that I would pass
And gave me a mask and said "Test for
Gas."

I tested for gas, and I thought I'd choke.
They all had a laugh and thought it a
joke.
But after testing for gas two months of the
year,
I can do it now without shedding a tear.

The next thing they showed me was the .50
gun.
I took one look and decided to run;
But they told me I didn't march with the
thing;
I just shot at airplanes, on the wing.

I've learned a lot in this A.A. outfit.
There's a lot of work and we each do our
bit.
My buddies are swell and we have our fun
After Retreat when our work is done.

I would like to say in closing this letter,
That the food is good but it could be
better.
But the Army's OK, and I'm glad I'm
here.
But I'll be glad to get home at the end
of the year.

—Private James W. Bigham, Battery "E",
260th CA (AA), Fort Bliss.

Gripe

For Army's corn I've no regrets
Nor for the pains that it besets;
But corn that turns my innards out
Is corn that Army poets spout.

Their thoughts are fine—the're quite the
stuff!
But that, itself, is not enough.
They fail to make the proper rhyme
Or make the proper metre time.

They use iambic for a spell
But then they let it go to hell
And ramble on in amphibrac
Then, lo, they take iambic back.

To make a rhyme they skip a beat
And stretch the next to make it meet.
It makes me want to tear my hair . . .
(That is, if I had some to spare!)

But don't give up or lose your hope
Because of chidings by a dope.
My verse is right—but for my theme
I must admit I'm "off the beam."
—Corporal Robert L. Lucas, Fort Story,
Va.

I'm Just Blue

God, shower your blessings down on me,
A soldier in the Great Army.
I work and walk in the sun all day,
For twenty-one bucks a month, base pay.

I get up in the morning, before day light,
Never get to bed before late that night.
I don't mind the work, I don't mind the
drills,
But I hate like the devil to climb those
hills.

My clothes don't fit; my tent's too hot.
For civilian life, I'd give a lot.
I don't mind the grub, and the old tin
spoons,
But I get darn tired of apricots and
prunes.

We stand retreat each night at half-past-
four;
To salute the Colors is one thing I adore.
I'm just a blue Soldier in a sorry mood,
Wanting someone true, over me to brood.
—Pfc. Earl D. Franklin, Hdq. Co.,
157th Inf., Camp Berkeley, Tex.

The Quartermaster Corps Song

We hail the men on the fighting line
For the splendid jobs they've done
And join the folks who honor them
For every vict'ry won
But who do you think's responsible
The back bone of each fray
The man who see that all goes well
Who really pave the way—

We're com-pan-y "B" of the fif-ty-fourth
Of the Quar-ter-master Corps
Our Sta-tion is the Arm-y Base
At Bos-ton har-bor's door
We've got a great bunch from privates on
up
Our Of-fi-cers are swell
In heav-y main-t'nance we're the tops
Here's more than we should tell.

CHORUS

Sure it's us—Who? the Quartermaster
Corps

The men who run the U. S. Army
What do we mean? O. K. Just Listen
And we'll tell you how we strut our stuff
We house, and clothe and feed
We've got ev'rything they need
In supplies, Construction, Transportation
So it's us you see who run the Arm-y
Who? THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS.

—Howard S. Pember.

The Air Force

I joined the Army, not to go to war,
That is the reason I am in the old Air
Corps.
"Every day's a holiday, a picnic every meal,"
That's what the Sergeant said, and it's the
way I feel.

We have dessert three times a day and
everything to eat,
And nothing on the table but the choicest
cuts of meat.
We never do a K. P., never stand a guard,
We have to drill one hour a year, by Allah,
that is hard.

We never carry a forty-five, it must be a
fable,
The only time we see side arms, is on the
breakfast table.
We ride in silver airplanes, above the moun-
tain tops,
We go to town 'most every night, we sleep
in beds, not cots.

Now, boys, don't join the Navy, 'cause
you'll have to go to sea,
But visit the "Recruiting Sergeant" and let
the Navy be.
is a tease,
Join the Army Air Corps, and live a life
of ease.

The Rugged Wolfhounds

We're the rugged wolfhounds,
A rugged bunch are we.
For we're always on the move,
As one can plainly see.

We're the best of doughboys,
For we almost beat them all,
And we're always there on time,
Wherever duty calls.

We do a lot of hiking,
And get blisters on our feet.
But we always keep on moving,
Whether there's rain, mud, or heat.

When we have maneuvers,
We play the "war game" right,
And at the end, the umpires say,
"The Wolfhounds won the fight."

So it's the rugged outfit,
In which we'll always be,
It's the rugged Wolfhounds,
The 27th Infantry.

—Pvt. George Kizis, Co. "F," 27th Inf.,

UNTOUCHED

A white page has so many possibilities
Unstilled—
So strange a fascination!
Yet when one mark has touched
Its shining surface—ill or good—
No longer does it charm and hold
With subtle invitation.

Bossier City Epic

There's a town called Bossier City where
the milkmaid sings her ditty,
And Bucolic Farmers cut the waving
hay—
Where the peddlers stop and putter as they
sell their eggs and butter
While discussing current gossip of the
day.
There's a little ten-cent movie where I met
a girl named Susie
While enjoying seeing "Broncho Bill's Last
Ride"
And when it came to osculation, she cou'd
start the palpitation
Of my heart—Just any time she tried.
She was dumb, yet full of grace, and she
had a pretty face
And her manners they were nice and full
of fun,
But as things were getting warmer, I just
couldn't stand the farmer,
And the corner where he kept his loaded
gun.
He would manage to be near and he kept
me full of fear
While his Susie (in the darkness) I'd be
a'sparkin'
So—a gentleman I was, (and did as a
gentleman does)
For I loved to hear that Reveille in the
mornin'.
So take a hint from a pal—, and leave
alone the farmer's gal
And all that does pertain to farms—and
farmin' . . .
And do right by little Nell, or you'll be
a'wakin' up in Hell
To stand Reveille with the Devil in the
mornin' . . .

—Don D'Acosta, 55th School Sq.,
Barksdale Field, La.

The Army

The Army has her ways and wiles and
wonders,
Her martinets, her pretty griefs that pain.
She has her stormy moments and her thun-
ders;
Her hours of boredom and her raging main.
She has her share of God-forsaken out-
posts;
Her stations where the sniper's bullet stings;
Her way of battling down the savage War-
host;
Her sad, sad songs that every soldier sings.

Yet when you leave the Army far behind
you
And seek some other Job to do instead;
You'll see the brave companions that she
gave you
And you'll think of all the witty things they
said.
You'll see the Army in its true perspective.
You'll see her as you know she might have
been
Had you been just a little more reflective
About her size, her job and, over all, her
men.
—Leonard C. Carstens, Ft. Worden, Wash.

For Possible Reference

He's sent me his number, my soldier son
"For possible reference," he said
That means he can be identified
If some day he is sent back, dead.

It tells me that if my baby son
Is killed in that far-off place
I can bring him back to a soldier's grave
Then the future, without him, must face.

Last summer we lived in a dear little house
And this winter, no home have we
My soldier for long weeks has been gone
"In defense," as I hope it will be.

See that his Mother can do, these days
Uncle Sam, I'll try so hard to do.
But life will be sad till my soldier returns
It's heartbreaking to give him to you.

Bundles

Many months now we've been sending
"Bundles" out across the sea,
Clothes and planes and ammunitions.
Aid for British "Victory."

Once again we're sending "Bundles,"
"Bundles" on a different plan,
Shot from guns and neatly labeled,
CAUTION—"Bundles" for Japan!!!
—By Cpl. John T. Carroll, Hamilton Fd.,
Calif.



THE GIRL YOU LEFT BEHIND
 Whether you're a draftee or regular or not,
 Remember the girl who hasn't forgot.
 She longs to hear from you, believe that she does,
 You're her soldier, the man whom she loves.

She looks for your letters anxiously each day,
 She can't understand why you don't write, being
 miles away.
 She's charmingly sweet, she loves you true,
 But if you're not careful another man will
 woo

The girl you reluctantly left behind
 But seemingly forgot through a stretch of
 time,
 And when you return smart looking in
 soldier clad
 You might find the girl you love married
 to another lad.

Mary Mabel McLallen



Mary Mabel McLallen

radio announcers were interrupting Sunday programs with hush bulletins, extras were being shouted in the streets—"Japs bomb Hawaii!"

In that one stunning sentence, the whole world changed for America. As incredulous citizens listened to radios or scanned brief headlines, a way of life changed for them. Gone was the

Remember Pearl Harbor. Remember the pernicious hate Japs that hid their bombers in the dawn sky to strike men down as they slept.

"Remember Pearl Harbor" and remember that Americans never forget while their enemies live!

THE END

high in his heart,
 For lovers who love
 as you and I
 May be separated, but
 never part.

ed, will lie still,
 Then we will find each
 other again
 I believe, for it must
 be God's will.

It was a week before Mr. Bourland, his wife hter, Julia Bourland, trip. Two days after at place up there, Julia acquainted with Clif

ne old man liked him, because time opportunity presented Charles would display his

Made A Hit

made a big hit

Like it is in America today, the tire problem was a serious one in German-occupied Belgium in 1918, but the Germans met the rubber shortage by equipping autos with wheels having coil springs and steel rims. This old picture was brought back by R. L. Nailling, now of Dyess, Ark., who served with the A. E. F. in 1917-18.

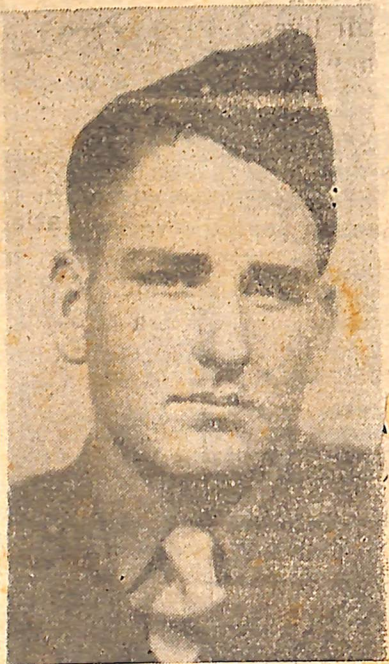
landin' to hail a down steamboat. Julia, who had become suspicious of him, watched him that night. She trailed him down to the river with a rifle hidden under a shawl. When she heard a steamboat coming just about daylight, she hid behind a clump of bushes, drew a bead on Charles and fired at him.

The bullet hit Charles in one shoulder, caused a wound, but grabbing up his sack of gold, so heavy he could hardly carry it, he ran to Julia and grabbed her by the throat, choked her unconscious tied her to a pile of brush and set it on fire. The burning brush served to hail the boat.

Saw Ghostly Light

dy

ON GUADALCANAL



P. F. C. Randell E. Henderson

Private Randell E. Henderson enlisted in the Marine Corps over a year ago and is now with that group fighting the Japs in the Solomon Islands. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Henderson, and brother of Mrs. J. A. Fillingim, all of Louisville. His parents last heard from him November 22nd, when he said he was doing fine and hoped to be home soon.

[illegible]

Irene Jones	Jack Stricklin
Ray M ^c Kee	Earl Lester
Harold Sanders	Rachel Cardia
Ely Jones	Arlin Carter
Eugene Silvestrucci	Sue Hatcher
Coach Jackson	James S.asher
Bill Giffin	Dane Patterson
dra Lee Strickpatrick	W.D. Dutchworth
Ed Lucas	Clara Sanson
Maston L. eslow	Albert Hallingworth
Marquette Berry	Jelee Payne
Lloyd Dawson	Dan Harris
Buster Humphries.	Harvey Jn. Harris
Mrs. Jannie Sullivan	Robert Twist
Emogene S. launt	Rudolph Rosey
Johnny Masinko	Pauline Thresh
Lis S. Thomas	Jocie Gray
Mike J. erosek	Hawes Lee
E. G. Lawhann	Bug Estes
J. D. Blackwood	Clyde Slay
Mary Lee Snipp	Margie A. Grestman
Richard Castle	Bob Giffin
Francis Idom	Bobbie Maults
Bobbie S. ereson	Mally Freeman
L. H. Smith	Margaret Diskie
Ralph Smith	Hershel Russel
Frank Giffin	Marie Sherman

James Clark
Wayne Anderson
Jean Roberts
Bill Taylor
Johnny Smith
Sam Fauto
Albert Estes
Luk Wilks
Jack Bray
Gene Garbrough
James Smith
Mary Brown
Thomas Smith
Margie Hedlow
Billy Joe Livingston
Salau Wilks
Ray Bliskie
"Papa" Lakes
H. G. McLaugh
Lyde Tate
Miss Faye Coats
Ozborn Driskell
Billie M. Daniel
Monogene Harrison
Jack Jackson
Billie Agard
Herman Kemp

Clarence S. Garbrough
Arwyn Dues
Vernon Mitchell
Melvin Matthews
Lorraine Turner
May Johnson
Billie Parks
Ray Fain
M. C. Jones
Vaughnie Lester
Mrs. Jackson
James Greener
Price Poole
Martin Smith
Druidt Jackson
Flora Lee Hamilton

Acquaint children with important things in Lit. Some are:

1. Nursery rhymes
2. Folk tales
3. Stories of child life.
4. Seasonal poems.
5. Poems of heroes of past.

Further long of poetry sat
we have favorite poetry +
poets.

showed appropriate humor in Lit.
A study of short criterion should
be appealing to students of various
ages. Work of short criterion.
showed fine themes of "

work of this nature would include

1. Class Collecting poems about sea.
2. Famous rides
3. Poems describing trees.
4. " " horses
5. upper Elem. ~~about~~ About death

grouping poems will develop an awareness of the form & varied styles which characterize certain writers. The Elms school showed how children by time they have 6th grade to have favorite poets

+ poems, to know some types
that prevail under writers &
enjoy them when reading
together. If E.E. School does
these things it will be doing a
service of enriching lives.

Davis, Creative writings

Children like to think of themselves
as writers of poetry plays etc.
There are rhymes which most
children like. Many children begin
in pre school day & are then
ready to write them in
Elem. grades. The motive is
direct appreciation. The pupil
enjoys rhymes, rimes & alliteration,
much as it does lullabies. The
child put words hard to get
words for his poetry. Such
is closely related to rhythm
training in music & Phys. Ed.
Such may be inspired by
disinterested teacher who appreciates, but
individual pupil - author must
be free to express & interpret

† free from embarrassment.

Traffic Lights

Red light, red light,
what do you say?

I say, "Stop,
and stop right away!"

Yellow light, yellow light,
what do you mean?

I mean "Wait —
Till the light turns green!"

Green light, green light,
what do you say?

I say, "Cross!
But look each way!"

Thank you, thank you,
Red, yellow, green,

now I know
what traffic lights mean!

Pretending

C. Lee

1. Draw a box



2. Draw a top



3. Draw a ball



4. Draw a chair



THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE

December 9, 1942

Miss Earlyne Wood
Box 306
East Central Junior College
Decatur, Mississippi

Dear Miss Wood:

I enclose herewith application blanks and information concerning the requirements for admission and fees of our School of Nursing. Classes are admitted quarterly, and our next vacancies are for the March, 1943, section. If you wish to be considered for admission at that time, fill out the application for admission and return it to me promptly. Have your dentist and your physician complete the pre-entrance dental and medical records. These should be returned with the application for admission. Give the blank for your secondary school record to the principal of your high school and have him complete it and forward it directly to my office. Have your college registrar send me a transcript of your record to date. You should attend to this promptly.

Very truly yours,



R. H. Miller, M.D.
Assistant Dean

RHM
lm

THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE SCHOOL OF NURSING

Program of Study

Two programs of study are open to students in this school. One program, which is three years in length, leads to the certificate in nursing; the other, the five-year combined Science Nursing Curriculum, leads to the degree of Bachelor of Nursing, as well as the certificate in nursing.

A. Science-Nursing Program

In this combined curriculum, the first two years (pre-hospital period) may be spent in any accredited college and the last three years in the School of Nursing, devoting this time to the basic professional program. The following courses must have been completed before entering the School of Nursing:

First Year		Second Year	
Subject	Qr. Hrs.	Subject	Qr. Hrs.
English	9	Psychology	9
Biology	12	Sociology	9
History, Economics, or		Chemistry or Physics	12
Mathematics	9	Electives	15 to 18
Electives	15 to 18		

Electives should be selected from the following subjects:

English and American Literature	Botany
History	Art Appreciation
Political Science	Music Appreciation
Advanced Chemistry	Foods and Nutrition
Advanced Zoology	

B. Basic Professional Program

Requirements for Admission:

1. Applicants for admission must be at least eighteen years of age. (It is recommended that when possible girls have one or more years of experience beyond high school before entering the school of nursing.)
2. Each applicant is required to furnish a health certificate signed by a physician and a dentist showing that she is physically sound. She must be of average height and not more than twenty per cent over or under normal weight for height.
3. Each applicant is required to furnish evidence of having completed successfully four years of high school or fifteen high school units in an approved school. Of the units required, three must be in English and two in Mathematics. Not more than three units may be offered in vocational subjects, and courses in sciences are strongly recommended.

MISS EARLINE WOOD – Funeral services for Miss Earline Wood, 20, were conducted by Rev. W. L. Day in the family home in the Calvary Community Monday morning, January 25, 1944, at 10:30. Rev. C.P. Thrailkill assisted and Dr. L.O. Todd, President of East Central Junior college, Decatur offered a beautiful tribute. Music was provided by residents of the Calvary Community and a special song was sung by Prof. Perry and County Superintendent Julian Cunningham. Burial was in the Mt. Carmel Cemetery at Noxapater with Harris Funeral Home in charge.

Miss Earline was last in town on Thursday afternoon a week ago. She had contracted flu and was taken to her bed on Thursday evening. As her condition continued to grow worse, spinal meningitis developed, and she passed away Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,

The deceased leaves a devoted father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Wood; three sisters, misses Esther, Lorene, and Lucille; one brother, James; grandmother, Mrs. Anna Wood, all of Calvary community and a grandfather, P.C. Myres who resides near Hinze.

She was a graduate of the Louisville High School in the class of 1941 and graduated at East Central Junior College, Decatur in 1943. Her church membership was in the Decatur Baptist Church. Among those from out of the county to attend the funeral was Mrs. Jackson, dean of women at E.C.J.C., who accompanied Dr. Todd.

Having resided in the home of Rev. C.P. Thrailkill several months while she was employed at the local hospital, he offers the following tribute:

"Miss Earline Wood was one of the most promising girls of our county. Her character was above reproach and her ideals and standards were far above the average. All her life she had cherished an ambition to become a trained nurse and to help relieve suffering. She possessed tireless energy, a bright and cheerful disposition, a kindly spirit and a tender and sympathetic nature. On being accepted for training by a New Orleans Hospital her joy was unbounded. But her Master called her to service in a higher sphere and while she did not realize her highest ambition in this world we know that she will more than realize it in the realm to which she has been called."